The Outlook

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THE STORY OF THE WAR

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

THE OUTLOOK'S WAR CORRESPONDENT AT HOME

THE principal news of the fifth week of the war—September 2 to 9—is of great changes in the alignment of the opposing forces in northern France.

The advance of the German Army of the Right swept on to within sight of the outer fortifications of Paris. The heavy line of forts from La Fère to Rheims did not cause any noticeable halt. What happened to these forts will be one of the most interesting questions to be answered when the "fog of war" has lifted.

The Russo-Japanese War and the Balkan War led all military men to believe that modern fortifications, if not impregnable, could at least be counted on to impede an advancing army for weeks or months. Liège, Longwy, and Mauberge resisted stubbornly. But Huy, Namur, and the La Fère forts, supposed to be the strongest of all, seem to have fallen ingloriously. Lille was evacuated without a blow. It is of course possible that no serious effort was made to defend them. But this matter of the forts is the prime mystery of the war, so far.

IN THE OPEN

The advance of this German Army of the Right is not so impressive when the fortifications are left out of the reckoning. It is evident that the Allies have not regarded any of the lines they have abandoned as the proper position for a decisive battle. They have stubbornly contested every German advance, but they have not resisted with that desperate determination which in case of defeat means utter rout. Always so far they have retired in good order. And, in military parlance, their forces are still "intact."

It is hard to conceive of the impetuous French accepting the dilatory tactics of Fabius. But perhaps cool-headed English advice added to the lessons of their earlier reverses have persuaded them that discretion is the better part of valor. It is hard to believe that they have retreated so far voluntarily. But it seems fairly certain that they have always retired rather than risk a defeat which would cripple them.

PARIS FAILS TO SEDUCE

On the 5th of September came the surprising news that the German Army of the Right, which had been rolling steadily southward towards Paris, had suddenly turned east.

It was manifestly unwise for the Germans to attempt to invest Paris with an active army still in the field. But the gay city has been the object of so many invasions that it had settled down to the hardships of a protracted siege. Suddenly, without any explanation, the French War Office announced that the Allied Army, instead of being to the north of the city, was in touch with the Germans in the valley of the Marne to the east. The fear of a siege was premature.

We have been told only the facts of this move; we can only guess at its cause.

OSTEND

More than a week ago we heard that English marines had occupied Ostend in force. Then the censorship closed with a snap and no more news came of operations in that vicinity. There could be no reason for this move except to hold the place as a base for the landing of troops.

It was obvious that if the Allies could conjure up an extra army there was no place they would rather have it than somewhere along the coast of the Channel, where,

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operating in conjunction with the plucky veteran army of Belgium, it could harass the German rear and cut their lines of communication.

But where were the troops to come from? England had already sent her available force. French regiments might be brought up from the south. Portugal is bound by treaty to fight beside England. Then there is the French army in Morocco. But all these possible sources were at least problematic and at most not very numerous. The English Colonial troops were far off.

For the last few days rumor has followed rumor that Russian troops have been brought by the Arctic Sea from Archangelsk to Scotland, by rail to Dover and across the Channel to Ostend. A newspaper in Rome printed a story that a quarter of a million Russians are now with the Allies in France. Any one who has ever ridden on the jogging Russian railway from Moscow up to Archangelsk—it is single-tracked, as I remember—will be very doubtful whether Russia could get so many troops up to the Arctic. And the transporting of them to Scotland would be too slow an operation to give this story credibility. But where there is so much smoke there is likely to be some fire. And even fifty thousand Cossacks might cause the Germans much trouble. And in the five weeks since war was declared there has been ample time to bring up native troops from India, the small force of British regulars in the West Indies, and part, at least, of the Canadian forces. It is not at all improbable that a hundred thousand or more trained soldiers have been landed at Ostend.

That the Germans have turned a large force in this direction is indicated by Belgian despatches.

So it may be that the German Army of the Right, finding its lines of communication through Belgium seriously threatened, had had to move east to assure supplies by the valley of the Meuse. If this should prove to be the true motive for the German shift, it is a very serious matter for them.

THE ARMIES OF THE CENTER

But another guess is at least as probable. The easiest road for a German invasion of France is that now occupied by the opposing Armies of the Center. From their great base at Metz the Germans would advance up the valley of the Moselle, and from Trèves they would come down through Luxemburg towards Verdun. It is here that the French anticipated the main attack. At the time of the outbreak of hostilities the French War Office published a map of "The War Zone," showing which districts were under "martial law." It indicates clearly where they expected the fighting to be.

Although we have heard little definite news from this "theater," it is probable that the greatest number of soldiers have been concentrated there by both sides. We know that this French Army of the Center attempted an extensive offensive movement. They advanced at least as far as Givet, and probably to Namur. The Germans drove them back to Verdun, and here the French have held fast. There has been no news of any serious change of front here for a fortnight. We will very likely learn later that the most desperate and murderous fighting has been in this neighborhood.

The German Army of the Right, operating from Aix-la-Chapelle through Belgium, was evidently trying to crush the Allies' Left or to break through between it and their Center. In this it has apparently failed, but it has succeeded in getting to the south and west of the Verdun position. Now, if it can advance due east, it will strike this Center Army of the French, which its own Center has battered in vain, on the flank.

Verdun is the apex of an acute angle. The right wing of this French Army of the Center extends in a southeasterly direction to Nancy; its left wing, southwesterly to Vitry-le-François. The Germans from Metz are pounding somewhere on the right wing between Nancy and Verdun. From Luxemburg they are throwing all their available weight near the apex—the fortress of Verdun. Now, if the German Army of the Right can crush into the other side of the angle—the left wing of this French Center—it may well force the defenders to give somewhere. And once this front is broken, it would be excessively hard for the French to pull out without a crushing defeat.

But such an attempt by the German Army of the Right would be exceedingly dangerous. It leaves out of the counting the Allied Anglo-French Army of the Left, which, in spite of its losses and continued retirement, has been heavily reinforced, and has had at least two days of rest. Its forces are reported to be still "intact." If there is any offensive left in them after their long retreat, they

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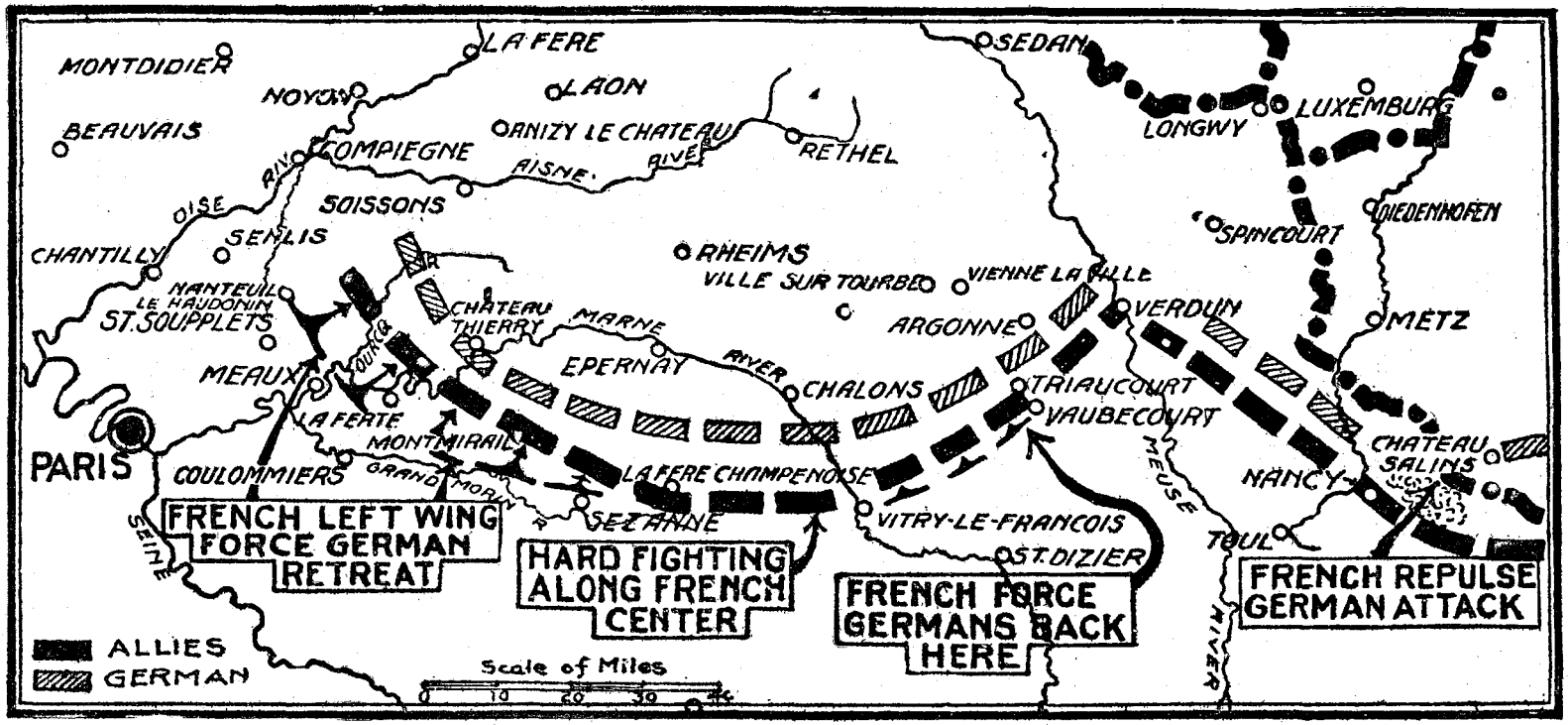

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THE POSITION OF THE WESTERN ARMIES IN FRANCE

This map represents the approximate positions of the opposing armies in northern France on the 9th of September. The Allied Army of the Left extends from near Vitry-le-François farther west than is indicated on this map—at least as far as the River Oise. The English contingent is reported to be advancing due north from Sezanne, and claims to have pushed the Germans across the Marne. To the left of the English, French forces, including some of the garrison of Paris, are reported to be pushing ahead through Meaux and probably Senlis in an effort to envelop the German flank. For the extreme right wing of the Germans is not facing the Allies as indicated here, but is moving up the Marne Valley with the apparent intention of striking the French line farther east.

The French Army of the Center extends from a little west of Vitry-le-François up to Verdun, and from there down to the vicinity of Nancy. It is on this line that the Germans are hurling their main attack. The Kaiser is reported to be at the headquarters at Metz. The Crown Prince is with his army at Verdun. Their western campaign will fail completely unless they crush the French. But the late despatches of September 9 indicated advantages for the Allies.

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would be on the rear of this German army.

The announcements of the French and English War Offices on the evening of the 8th assert that this Allied Army of the Left has begun a successful offensive and the French Center is repulsing the German attack, and, in some places, advancing.

Unless the Germans break through the French line somewhere in a very short time, their western campaign will have failed. Daily the over-seas reinforcements are reaching the Allies. Daily the Russian menace grows more threatening.

It is thankless work prophesying about the "impending decisive battle." So far—for reasons they have not disclosed—the Allies have managed to avoid it. They may do so again. But it hardly seems possible unless they are willing to sacrifice Verdun, as they have already sacrificed Lille and Amiens and the north of France.

And, as I wrote last week, the issue, when it comes, will be decided by the morale of the opposing armies. "Which has the more stamina?" is still the most interesting question. Both sides have endured almost superhuman strain. The realignment is not very important. Neither side has yet broken the other. Which of the two armies has the more confidence?

The only new element of importance in the western campaign is this shadowy army of Cossacks which is rumored to be gathering in Ostend.

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALS

It is more than the political destiny of Europe which is being fought out on this battle-line. It is also a clash between philosophies. The French would say it is "*la morale contre le mécanisme.*" The Germans would call it a conflict between efficiency and enthusiasm. Whichever is the more just description of the opposing forces, the difference in their point of view is very evident. How the mass of civilized folk are going to look on life depends very largely on the outcome of this war.

The German ideal is an immensely able, highly trained corps of leaders, foreseeing every contingency and never unprepared. It had its first expression in Bismarck and Moltke, who claimed to have prearranged every detail of the campaign of 1870. It is illustrated by the story of an American in Berlin who called last week on the Chief of Staff and began apologizing for intruding on a person who must be so very busy. "Oh," the General replied, "I'm not busy now. Everything was prepared beforehand." It means that every soldier in the field not only has stout shoes, but a bottle of scientifically prepared oil to keep them soft and watertight. It means that every regiment has its own train of automobile trucks—immensely expensive and utterly useless in peace, but ready for *der Tag*.

The French ideal is "*la levée en masse*"—every able-bodied man snatching up what arms come to hand and rushing to the frontier to defend "*La Patrie en danger.*" It was personified by the barefoot Republican armies which rose out of the ground to the magic of the blazing eloquence of the lawyer Danton, and defeated greater odds than Germany is now facing. It means the motor omnibuses of Paris suddenly transformed into commissary wagons.

Lieutenant-Colonel Montaigne in his book "Vaincre" (To Conquer) has expressed the extreme of this view, and it seems to me to be typically French as distinct from German.

He cites endless cases, from Thermopylæ down to modern times, to prove that God does not always fight on the side of the greater number. He only grudgingly admits the advisability of keeping one's powder dry. All great world issues, he maintains, have been decided by moral force—"*une force morale.*" He holds that it is more important to teach the boys in school an ardent patriotism than to teach the young men in barracks marksmanship and maneuvers. Above all, he argues, the warrior who is to conquer must be inspired by a passionate hatred towards the enemies of his country.

"The true spirit of war," he writes, "is the spirit of destruction, of murder. The immediate object of a combat is not the victory but to kill. You march only to kill, and you shoot only to kill, and you jump at the throat of the enemy only to kill, and you go on killing till there is nothing more left to kill.

"So the passion of war *par excellence* is the supreme desire to murder—the spirit of revenge, of hate."

But it is not enough for the entire nation to be inspired by this immense and murderous hate; it must have an equal passion for self-immolation.

"The essence of war is the spirit of destruction, but the essence of victory is the

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spirit of sacrifice. Victory goes only to absolute devotion."

This, in spite of its gospel of hate, has been called the moral theory of war. Beside any German military treatise it presents a striking contrast. There is hardly a word in it about the "Manual of Arms" or "Cavalry Tactics." It gives no instruction in loading a rifle nor in aiming a cannon. It deals little with what a soldier should do; its main preoccupation is how he should feel.

Alfred Capus, the talented Academician, had an editorial in a recent issue of "Figaro" when the threat of a siege hung over Paris—"Ce qu'il faut:"

"What is now necessary—in fact, it is the one condition of national safety—is an inexhaustible reserve of moral force. . . .

"Let me repeat. The one condition is that the army and its chiefs shall feel back of them a country ready for all sacrifices, with souls undaunted, unwavering wills, and a clear-cut, coherent government.

"A weakening of the will, a feebleness of soul, would be as detestable as desertion. To lack *sang-froid* to-day is to desert before the enemy. It is betrayal.

"We all have our duty—the Government, the press, public opinion. This duty, in a single word, is firmness—which implies accord, calm, stoic acceptance of events, ardent confidence in the destiny of our country.

"At certain critical hours a cry of anger is a blasphemy, a doubt may be a crime. The victory is hard to win, but certain. Let the entire nation deserve it. Each to his post! Let us take for ourselves the simple and sublime words of the great Englishman: France expects every man to do his duty."

One would scarcely find such an editorial in the Berlin papers. A more typical German utterance in this time of stress is the Kaiser's speech in which he bade his people "Be of good cheer. I will lead you to victory."

Of course neither nation has followed out its ideal to the exclusion of its rival's. There are more than machines in the German army, there are several million passionate patriots. And no disciple of Lieutenant-Colonel Montaigne has ever been Minister of War in France and neglected the equipment from principle. But still the contrast holds good, and when this war is over we shall know which carries a nation further—the scientific efficiency of an arbitrary, centralized government or the diffused enthusiasm of democracy, which in the great days of '93 was able to extemporize victory.

To be sure, France is very proud of her admirable field artillery and her daring cruisers of the air, but when it comes down to a bitter crisis it is not on such material excellencies that she relies.

IN REGARD TO "ATROCITIES"

For weeks we have been hearing charges of inhuman cruelties committed by the German troops—from French and Belgian sources. The newspapers from Germany which reach us two weeks or more late are full of circumstantial accounts of atrocities practiced by the Belgians, and of French murder and rape in Alsace.

The utility of such stories to a retreating army is evident. If the advancing troops can be made to seem terrible enough, the peasantry will flee before them. And it is harder to subsist an army if the country is uninhabited. The manufacture of such stories is part of the routine of a retreat, just like the blowing up of bridges. There has been much exaggeration—cold-blooded, intentional exaggeration—on both sides.

Now comes a signed statement by some well-known American newspaper men who have been to the front with the German army, and who state that they have seen no evidence of especially inhuman cruelty.

This does not mean that the prisoners of war and non-combatants have been having a pleasant time. They never do in a war. The strongest indictment which the peace advocates can bring against war is the way it warps out of shape all accustomed moral standards.

The European troops of all nations when they marched to the relief of the Legations in Peking during the Boxer Rebellion committed frightful atrocities. French soldiers have more than once got out of hand in Morocco. Officers of the Belgian army made a hideous scandal of the Congo Free State. The Italians forgot all about civilization in the vengeance they wreaked on rebellious Tripoli. Our own American army officers, far away from home, in the great heat and unfamiliar surroundings of the Philippines, were charged with practicing the "water cure."

If you give men brutal work to do and send them away from all the accustomed restraints of civilized life, they will become

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brutes. As long as we have war we will have atrocities.

But the officers of civilized armies are expected to keep their heads even in the heat of war. The official and admitted destruction of Louvain is a much more serious matter than the allegations of atrocities.

DIPLOMACY

Russia, France, and England have signed a formal declaration at London that they will act as a unit in all negotiations. It is the formal ratification of previously expressed intentions. Germany may have hoped to make terms separately with each of her enemies. The Allies have publicly given their word to see it through to the bitter end together. That it foreshadows a continued effort and a long war is probably its greatest significance. And as a fighting programme it is much more definite than the existing *ententes*.

Like all diplomatic documents, the future of this new alliance is uncertain. Once upon a time Germany and Austria and Italy had a similar alliance. And during the First Balkan War the Allies signed an almost identical paper. But the withdrawal of the French Government to Bordeaux is also a "diplomatic" move in the same direction. It is a graphic statement to the world that France will go on fighting even if her ancient capital is destroyed.

Italy and Turkey are—as The Outlook goes to press—still neutrals. How long they can keep it up is decidedly uncertain. The anti-Austrian feeling in north Italy is very strong, while the southern Italians do not care a rap for the unredeemed of Trieste and the Trentino. They cannot understand each other's dialects, and they have not been under the same flag since the Roman Empire broke up. The very active revolutionary movement in Italy, which is passionately opposed to war, also has a sobering influence on the Government. But the army is mobilized and may break the leash of prudence at any moment.

Good news arrived on the 8th from Bucharest to the effect that Bulgaria and Rumania have signed an agreement to act together against Turkey in case she declares war on Russia. This, if it is true, will put a damper on the war party in Constantinople. For Turkey has nothing to gain by fighting unless she can recapture some of her European "lost provinces" from the Greeks and Bulgars. But with Rumania and Bulgaria lining up with the Slavs there is small chance of this.

THE EASTERN CAMPAIGN

The shortest military route from Russia to Berlin starts from Warsaw. The Czar's share of the ancient Kingdom of Poland stretches out in a promontory towards the heart of central Europe, but it is bounded on the north by German East Prussia and on the south by Austrian Galicia. No army could advance towards Berlin from Warsaw without exposing its flanks until these borders were cleared. So it is not surprising that Russia's first advances were by way of East Prussia and Galicia instead of Poland, although these frontiers are more than twice as far from Berlin.

Germany and Austria, fearing an aggressive movement from Poland, both made raids towards Warsaw, the Germans from the northwest, the Austrians from the southwest. The Germans claim to have pierced Poland as far as Lodz, and we have no further news from that point. And in East Prussia to the north, while they were at first pushed back, they seem to have checked the Russians at their fortresses along the Vistula.

The Austrians began bravely, pushing their raid into Russian Poland to Lublin. But the Russians held them there, and, bringing up forces from south Russia, have pushed into Galicia well beyond Lemberg and are investing the fortresses of Przemysl. If they capture this place and rout the Austrians at Lublin, as their latest despatches claim, and if they can hold the German army of the Vistula in its forts, they will be free to advance towards Berlin by way of Poland. If so, they will soon make their influence felt in the western campaign.

Austria has proved almost as weak an ally for the Kaiser as Italy. Despatches from Servia say that Belgrade is still being bombarded. The failure of the Austrians to capture this exposed place, hardly a stone's throw from their military base at Semlin, is almost incredible.

ARTHUR BULLARD.

New York, September 9, 1914.

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THE WEEK

THE PROPOSED WAR TAX

There is before Congress a bill to levy a war tax upon Americans. Why should the American people, who are not engaged in war, have to pay a war tax? The answer is given in the record of our customs receipts. Since the 1st of August, when the European war broke out, up to the 1st of September, the loss of Governmental receipts from the tariff on imported goods has amounted to ten million dollars, in round numbers. If this average is sustained throughout the year, it means the loss of an annual revenue of something like a hundred million dollars. In some way this deficit has to be met.

The President, in an address to Congress, has called for the levying of new taxes. The two alternatives he mentions he rejects at once—namely, the use of the Treasury balance now on deposit in National banks, and the issuing of bonds. To call upon the deposits in the banks would cause inconvenience and even distress and confusion, he declares, and the borrowing of money by the issuance of bonds would put an unnecessary strain upon the money market.

The only suggestion as to the form of taxation which he makes is that it be such as will begin to yield "at once" and with "certain and constant flow."

Many subjects of taxation have been proposed. The most obvious and simplest way to raise the needed revenue in whole or in part is by increasing the income tax. That can be done by the passage of the simplest kind of an act, changing the present percentage of the tax to a larger figure or lowering the line of exemption so that there will be more incomes to be taxed, or both. It has been suggested also that the surtax (that is, the additional tax upon large incomes) be increased. There is something to be said for each one of these proposals with regard to the income tax. We believe that to lower the line of exemption so that smaller incomes may be taxed than are now taxed would have some wholesome effects, principally in increasing the number of people who would be directly interested in the income tax, and therefore making it more likely that its defects will have a wider popular attention. Moreover, it is not wholesome that a small minority should be taxed at the behest of a large majority who are exempt from taxation. The increase of the surtax would fall naturally upon those who get their incomes not from service rendered but from property, and, as The Outlook has often said, the ownership of property is a reasonable object of taxation.

It is proposed to revive the stamp taxes which became familiar to the people in this generation at the time of the Spanish War. Such a stamp tax can be levied on a great variety of objects—on checks and on receipts; on tickets to places of amusement, on Pullman tickets, and so on. The advantage of such a stamp tax is that it is very simple of collection, as simple as the collection of the revenues of the Post-Office. It is paid in advance, inasmuch as people will have to have stamps on hand to apply to their checks or bills or tickets. Another advantage of a stamp tax is that it is one which everybody feels, and when the taxpayer feels the tax he is much more likely to watch the expenditure of the public moneys.

Another source of revenue would be a tax on beer, wines, and liquors, and tobacco in its various forms. Of course there is a tax levied on these objects already, but it is a simple matter to increase that tax.

The most important action that Congress can take in this emergency is not, however, the levying of new taxes, but the practice of economy. Individuals and business concerns are cutting down their expenditures for non-essentials. Let Congress do likewise. Now is a propitious time to take the "pork" out of the "pork barrel," to cut out from such a bill as the River and Harbor Bill those items of expenditure that are inserted for political effect.

A DAY OF PRAYER FOR PEACE

Last week the President issued a proclamation requesting the American people to observe Sunday, October 4, as a special day of prayer for peace. The language of deep feeling in which the proclamation is expressed indicates not only the President's profound desire for peace, but his belief that the warring nations can be brought to a state of mind in which they will be willing to consider the possibility of settling the conflict by the

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process of mediation and mutual agreement. Influential Protestant and Roman Catholic ecclesiastics have already taken steps for a universal observance of this day in all churches of the United States. The following is the text of the proclamation:

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION

Whereas, Great nations of the world have taken up arms against one another and war now draws millions of men into battle whom the counsel of statesmen has not been able to save from the terrible sacrifice; and

Whereas, In this, as in all things, it is our privilege and duty to seek counsel and succor of Almighty God, humbling ourselves before him, confessing our weakness and our lack of any wisdom equal to these things; and

Whereas, It is the especial wish and longing of the people of the United States, in prayer and counsel and all friendliness, to serve the cause of peace;

Therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do designate Sunday, the fourth day of October next, a day of prayer and supplication, and do request all God-fearing persons to repair on that day to their places of worship, there to unite their petitions to Almighty God that, overruling the counsel of men, setting straight the things they cannot govern or alter, taking pity on the nations now in the throes of conflict, in his mercy and goodness showing a way where men can see none, he vouchsafe his children healing peace again and restore once more that concord among men and nations without which there can be neither happiness nor true friendship nor any wholesome fruit of toil and thought in the world; praying also to this end that he forgive us our sins, our ignorance of his holy will, our willfulness and many errors, and lead us in the paths of obedience to places of vision and to thoughts and counsels that purge and make wise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this eighth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and thirty-ninth.

WOODROW WILSON.

By the President:
William Jennings Bryan,
Secretary of State.

THE RED CROSS SHIP

A singular incident delayed the sailing of the Red Cross (the vessel once the German liner called the Hamburg) from New York last week. It was found that some of the crew were of foreign nationality, and it was held that on a neutral vessel setting out to relieve suffering without distinction as to race or nation every precaution should be taken to prevent the raising of any question relating to neutrality. The Red Cross, therefore, is to be manned entirely by American officers and men; all the surgeons and their assistants (about 30) and the nurses (about 120) are also Americans.

This ship of mercy, as it has been called, is fitted out by the American National Red Cross, of which the President of the United States is head. The ship has been painted in white and red after the Red Cross colors, and displays a great electric red cross. The efficient work in preparing the Red Cross is to be credited largely to its untiring and resourceful Secretary, Miss Mabel Boardman.

The money for the Red Cross is contributed by citizens, and while $185,000 had been subscribed up to September 7, very much more is needed if our American Red Cross Society is to carry out its plans. So far there seems to have been only a moderate response to the need. When Americans fully understand how urgent that demand is, it is certain that their contributions will be forthcoming in large amounts. We hope that the present mention of Red Cross activity will lead to the mailing of many checks, large and small, to the American National Red Cross at Washington.

The several Red Cross Societies of the nations are mutually helpful, follow the same rules and methods, and have a loose international organization and regular international meetings. Practically, however, each works by itself but not for itself. Anything in the least partisan is abhorrent to the Red Cross idea. A German Red Cross nurse will succor a Frenchman as quickly as a German; American Red Cross nurses and doctors go to the aid of all the sick and wounded, of whatever flag. The force on the Red Cross steamship is to be divided equally among five Great Powers, and a reserve will be held for emergency. The ship is loaded with supplies—for instance, 300,000 pounds of absorbent cotton and 2,000 cans of chloroform—and these, too, will be divided and placed where they are needed.

The American Red Cross has a splendid record for its past service. In the present

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war it recognizes a great duty and a great opportunity.

BRITISH THEOLOGIANS ON THE WAR

One of the most extraordinary incidents in connection with the war has been the sending of a letter from a group of British theologians to the German theologian Professor Harnack. Not long after the war broke out, Professor Harnack made a speech in which he was reported to have described Great Britain as acting in the present war as a traitor to civilization. A group of men who acknowledge their debt to German scholarship, and in particular to Professor Harnack as a leader among scholars, have addressed to him a letter, dated August 26, in which they try to explain to him the motives of Britain in the war. They acknowledge that in matters of the spirit their sympathies are so largely German that only the strongest reasons could ever lead them to contemplate the possibility of hostile relations between Great Britain and Germany. They say that they have borne resolute witness against the endeavor made by foes of Germany to foment anti-German suspicion and ill will. But they declare that all hopes of settled peace depend upon maintaining inviolate the sanctity of treaty obligations—the more stringently binding in the case of guaranteed neutrality. They believe that the extension of neutralization appeared to be one of the surest ways of eliminating war. These considerations they regard as more imperatively cogent when the treaty rights of a small people are threatened by a great world power. They quote the acknowledgment by the Imperial Chancellor of Germany that the protests of Belgium and Luxemburg were just, and that in acting from "necessity" Germany "was doing 'wrong' and acting 'contrary to the dictates of international law.'" They call attention also to the disregard of the sovereign rights of greater states shown in the demand of Germany that Russia should demobilize her troops. "It was quite open to Germany," they say, "to have answered Russia's mobilization with a counter-mobilization without resorting to war." They express the belief that Great Britain in this conflict is fighting "for conscience, justice, Europe, humanity, and lasting peace." And as they conclude, they say:

> Great Britain is not bound by any treaty rights to defend either Servia or Russia. But she is bound by the most sacred obligations to defend Belgium, obligations which France undertook to observe. We have been grieved to the heart to see in the successive acts of German policy a disregard of the liberties of states, small or great, which is the very negation of civilization. It is not our country that has incurred the odium of being a traitor to civilization or to the conscience of humanity.

Though they recognize the fact that Professor Harnack may think them mistaken, they assure him, as fellow-Christians and fellow-theologians, that their motives are not open to the charge that has been made. The signers of this striking letter include Dr. Selbie, the Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford; Dr. Forsyth, of Aberdeen University; and F. Herbert Stead, Warden of the Robert Browning Settlement of London.

THE PRESIDENT INTERVENES IN THE COLORADO LABOR WAR

When the President of the United States recognizes the need of a "truce," it is evident that he believes that there is a state of war. President Wilson has thus officially made it evident that war has existed in Colorado, for he has transmitted to officials of mining companies in Colorado and officers of the miners' union the draft for a tentative basis for a truce. This plan for a temporary cessation of the labor war was prepared by two commissioners of conciliation who were sent to Colorado several months ago by the President. These commissioners say that "there should be established a three-year truce," subject to the understanding that the mining and labor laws of the State be enforced; that law-abiding strikers be given employment; that intimidation be prohibited; that regulations and the current scale of wages be posted; and that grievances be first taken up with the proper officer of the company, then, in case of failure, through a grievance committee to be formed at each mine by the employees of that mine, married men to be in the majority on each committee, and, in the case of continued failure of adjustment, to a commission of three men to be appointed by the President of the United States, which shall be representative of each side, with a third member to act as umpire. Furthermore, "during the life of the truce" it is understood that certain conditions should be recognized: the waiving of legally enforceable contracts be-

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tween employers and employees, without the denial of voluntary agreements; the discontinuance of mine guards, though not of watchmen; the needlessness of the presence of Federal or State troops; no picketing, parading, colonizing, or mass campaigning that will interfere with the working operation of the mine; acceptance by both the employers and the employees of the decisions of the commission as binding; no suspension of work pending investigation; the allowing of the suspension of the operation of the mine for a cause satisfactory to the commission; the acceptance of penalties imposed by the commission.

In transmitting this proposed basis for a truce to the officers of the mining corporations and the miners' union involved, the President said: "I recommend it to you for your most serious consideration. I hope you will consider it as if you were acting for the whole country, and I beg that you will regard it as urged upon your acceptance by myself with very deep earnestness. This is a time, I am sure you will feel, when everything should be done that is possible for men to do, to see that all untoward and threatening circumstances of every sort are taken out of the life of the people of the United States."

In thus intervening in this Colorado strike President Wilson is following the precedent set by President Roosevelt in the great anthracite strike of 1902. There are, however, some notable differences. In the case of the anthracite strike the commission appointed by the President was finally formed and accepted by the parties to the strike within about six months of the beginning of the strike, while the strike still continuing in Colorado has been in existence already for some eleven months. In the case of the anthracite strike the commission was appointed before there was any need of the use of Federal troops; but in the case of the Colorado strike, although Federal troops have been for several months employed in the strike field, and although they have been unable to prevent what the President's appointees consider a state of war, there has not yet been any commission appointed.

We hope that both the corporations and the miners will accept the good offices of the President and accede to the truce on the basis which he has proposed. But it is a disgrace to the Nation that it should be possible for war conditions to remain in any part of the country for so long a time, and that it should be possible for any American to hold that in such a case the President must appeal for peace by request, not compel it by authority.

MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES

The question is often asked, When will the United States withdraw its troops from Vera Cruz? Light is thrown upon this point and on the attitude of our Administration toward the present status in Mexico by what claims to be a trustworthy though unofficial statement of the President's position published in the New York "Times." According to this, the President is willing to withdraw our soldiers if General Carranza will "resign from his present office" and allow some other leading Mexican to succeed him; or he will recognize Carranza as Provisional President and withdraw the troops if Carranza will pledge himself not to be a candidate at the election for President; or, if Carranza does not now assume the title of Provisional President, our Administration will recognize his military command, will agree that he should be a candidate at the election, will recognize as President whoever is elected, and will then withdraw the troops.

If it is true, as Mexican despatches have stated, that Carranza has systematically called himself First Chief and not Provisional President, and has exercised executive power solely as a victorious military commander, these proposals seem, partly at least, superfluous; the third state of things actually exists, it is believed, and the plan of the third proposal is likely to be carried out. The whole situation hinges on the fact that the Constitution of Mexico provides that a person who holds the office of Provisional President at the time of a general election shall not be a candidate in that election to succeed himself as President.

It is right that the United States should insist on the observing of every legal requirement in the establishing of a new Government in Mexico. It is also right that it should look not only to the letter but to the spirit of the law. We should not abandon our watch over Mexico's affairs until it is clear that the new Government is not only legal, technically speaking, but that it stands for fair dealing and is not a mere dictatorship under another name. Otherwise the whole question may have to be taken up afresh.

General Villa's position remains more or

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less of a mystery. In the only definite statement that he has made he declares:

> This country [Mexico] should not again be under military government. The armies by our Constitution are secondary to the constituted Government, and it is now time that the country should be governed by the people, for the people, and not, as heretofore, governed by a military clique whose only object is personal welfare and not the welfare of the masses.

FEDERAL CONTROL OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

In the course of a speech recently delivered before a great audience in New Orleans in behalf of the Progressive party, Mr. Roosevelt touched upon one subject that has been too much neglected in spite of the fact that it is of National concern. To the people of Louisiana Mr. Roosevelt said that the Mississippi River, the Father of Waters, was at once their most valuable asset and their most dangerous liability. Mr. Roosevelt pointed out that the control of this river was absolutely beyond the power or resources of any one State.

"Merely to build levees in the lower course of the river," he said, "will not avail. The levees must be built. But in certain great crises they will always prove useless by themselves. The water flows from State to State, now as the most potent aid to life and well-being, and again as fraught with the most terrible menace of destruction and of death. In the upper part of its course there is need to use the waters for irrigation. In the lower part there is need to prevent their ruining the land by flood. In all parts the water needs to be harnessed for use in our industrial development."

Therefore, Mr. Roosevelt concluded, the control of the Mississippi River is a matter for National action. He suggested that the twenty-five million dollars which it is proposed to pay to Colombia the National Government could put to better use by devoting it to the improvement of this great river together with "the plant of the Panama Canal, and as many scores of millions extra as are necessary, in precisely the same way as it used this money to construct the Panama Canal."

THE NEW POPE

The successor of Pius X was elected by the Conclave of Cardinals at Rome last week. His name is Giacomo della Chiesa. He was born not quite sixty years ago at Pegli, on the shores of the Mediterranean near Genoa, of a family of the Italian nobility. His rise in the Roman Church has been dramatic. He was ordained a priest in 1878, served as an ecclesiastical official in Spain until 1887, became Secretary to Cardinal Rampolla in 1887, became Archbishop of Bologna in 1907, and a Cardinal in May, 1914. Cardinal Rampolla was Papal Secretary of State for Leo XIII, and would perhaps have been elected Pope to succeed Leo if Austria had not exercised the veto, which she then possessed, but which was abolished by Pius X. The new Pope has been so short a time a cardinal that very little is known either of his personality or of his policy, outside of the hierarchy of the Italian Church. His long and intimate association with Cardinal Rampolla, however, indicates that he has been trained in diplomatic statesmanship of a high order, as well as in dogmatic theology of a conservative type. An estimate of the effect of his election upon the Roman Catholic Church, written by an ecclesiastic of that Church, will be found elsewhere in this issue.

THE YALE SCHOOL OF RELIGION

In our "Commencement Notes" two months ago mention was made of the fact that the Yale Divinity School has been renamed the Yale School of Religion. The fact is of more than transient interest. What it involves needs to be adequately understood. In making the changes that required the change of name the Faculty of the School and the Corporation of the University felt that they were not making a new departure, but rather were "returning on a higher plane and with wider sweep to the ideal of the founders" of Yale in 1701, to train men "for Publick employment both in Church & Civil State."

This broad conception of Christian obligation has in our times discovered new fields of service, in which a thorough study of religion on its theoretical side must advance hand in hand with the widest study of it on its practical side. Provision must be made for the thorough training of a Christian ministry for service in all these new fields, as well as for the pastorate of churches. Twenty years ago provision for these new demands made a beginning which has been steadily followed up along with the expansion of philanthropic social work at home and foreign missionary work abroad. Such was the demonstration

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of unexpected capacities for service, and such the enthusiasm, faith, and growth of student volunteer activity therein, that in 1909 the ultimate step was taken which made the Divinity School virtually, if not in name, a "University School of Theoretical and Applied Religion."

The plan then adopted actually instituted five schools (for convenience called departments) under the one name, Divinity School—a school for the training of pastors and preachers; a school for that of the foreign missionary, whether layman or ordained minister; a school for that of the teacher of religion, apart from the preaching office, in church or college; a school for the training of social workers; and a school of research in the history and philosophy of religion. It then went on record that the school thus reorganized "may now not inappropriately be termed the Yale School of Religion and Christian Science." The plan thus outlined was put at once into operation. Besides the courses given in these departments there is large use of those given in other departments of the University. In the Department of Missions its own courses were thus supplemented in the current year by more than one hundred others given by more than thirty professors.

What those best qualified to judge think of this scheme was expressed in 1909 by Dr. John R. Mott, President of the World's Student Christian Federation, in a letter to President Hadley: "Your plan is literally great. It is most timely as well as prophetic. It is adapted to meet the requirements of the modern world as no scheme which I have seen in operation on either side of the Atlantic."

The large increase—$1,500,000—of the School's endowment required for the fully developed operation of such a scheme is now proceeding at an encouraging rate. The sought-for organizer and head of such a School of Religion took office in 1912, when Dr. Charles Reynolds Brown, of Oakland, California, became its Dean.

THE COMPENSATION LAW IN ACTION

"Your case was passed already. Go on home and they'll mail you your money." The court attendant's words brought a look of puzzled relief to the anxious face of thirteen-year-old Maddalena. She had gone along as interpreter for Giuseppe, her father, when he went up to tell the New York Compensation Commission just how the heavy stone had fallen and hurt his back. Maddalena said he had been sick six weeks and they needed the money, for she was the oldest of seven, and, yes, that was her mother nursing the baby over there. They were all so anxious that they had come along to see if Giuseppe would surely get his money.

No, they had no lawyer. The Commission is a court without lawyers. Perhaps that is why the cases are passed upon so rapidly. Sixteen in twenty minutes is the rate at which they were handled the other day. If these sixteen claims had been tried at law, each case would have taken more than a year to decide, sometimes far more. Twenty years' work done in twenty minutes! As a labor-saving device the State Workmen's Compensation Commission ought to win the approval of even an efficiency engineer.

In the issue of August 8 The Outlook published a short summary of the New York Workmen's Compensation Law and pointed out some of the obstacles in the path of the five Commissioners. Since then the public hearings have been of daily occurrence in New York City, and a short interview with one of the Commissioners, Mr. John Mitchell, leader of the anthracite strike, has brought forward several interesting by-products, as it were, of the new law's application.

The most obvious is the increased willingness of employers to install safety devices in their factories. The fact that insurance premiums are reduced in direct proportion to the precautions taken to safeguard employees is a powerful argument for the "safety first" idea.

"Also you can see that the new law will tend to bring employer and employee automatically into closer relations," said Mr. Mitchell, "since by its provisions the old custom in many industries of hiring men by number is done away with. Now the laborer's name and weekly wage must be kept in writing. It is likely to give one a different feeling to learn that James Smith, who received $9.60 per week, has lost his right arm in the company's service, instead of the old report that Laborer No. 11,729 has been injured.

"Besides, in seventy-five per cent of the cases," Mr. Mitchell went on, "the company is just as anxious that James should get his compensation for injury as he is himself. It does not make the insurance cost any more

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if James is paid, and it creates a far better feeling among the workers. In the old days, even if the employer wanted to pay a fair compensation, his insurance company made him fight the case, and a lawsuit goes further than most things to stir up strife between capital and labor."

A DEMOCRATIC TRIBUNAL

It is not for nothing that this is named the *Workmen's* Commission. With no desire to be hard on capital in its struggle for existence, the Commissioners seem to feel that they have been appointed chiefly to see that labor receives that redress which the courts cannot give. The whole tone of the hearings shows this spirit. As the chief attendant expressed it, pointing to a bench full of anxious claimants: "They don't need to be afraid of us. We're *for* them. If it wasn't for this here Commission, they wouldn't get a cent."

Sometimes the worker himself makes it difficult to win his case. At one of the hearings recently a big, eager longshoreman gave the Commissioners a lot of trouble by insisting that he had hunted for work at least a week earlier than the limit of the period for which he was declared incapacitated. The man wanted to show that he needed employment and wasn't lazy, and he nearly wrecked any endeavors to give him compensation for the time he was disabled. Finally the whole Commission broke into laughter at his obtuseness, while the representative of the insurance company smilingly agreed to make no objection to payment for the full time of unemployment.

There is one class of citizen to whom the new law has proved disastrous. It has literally taken the bread from the mouth of the shyster lawyer known as "ambulance chaser." The cutthroat methods by which he was used, on the one hand, to hold up the companies for large damages, and, on the other, retained seventy-five per cent of the money collected for his fees and costs, are impossible now. An injured employee has still the right to take his case into court, and a defeat at law will not prejudice him in applying to the Commission later; but there are not many workingmen who will give up their immediate relief from the State for the tedious uncertainty of legal redress.

It is a pity that some of our judges throughout the country could not visit the hearings and mark the celerity and brevity with which the awards are made. It might be a good idea for the Bar Association's Committee on Reform of Legal Procedure to look in occasionally and take a few notes. Besides despatch, there is shown a generous spirit of kindness and fair play. The relations between the Commission and the representatives of the insurance companies seem amicable. But it is the treatment of the workmen and the workmen's families that is so amazing to any one familiar with the court of a city magistrate.

"The most democratic tribunal ever conceived" is the way one lawyer described it. It is to be hoped that the march of time and familiarity with misfortune may not tighten the broad sympathies of the Commission or make rigid the administration of its justice.

FOR WHAT SHALL WE PRAY?

We print on another page the President's proclamation requesting Americans to meet in their various places of worship on October 4 for special prayer on account of the war in Europe. This proclamation, beautiful alike in its spirit and in its form, will appeal to all Americans, whether Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews, or Agnostics. Even those who doubt the value of prayer may well join in this common expression of deep desire for the speedy recovery of Europe from this epidemic of war.

For what shall we pray?

In the time of William of Orange, those prayed well who prayed for religious liberty—the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

In the time of the American Revolution, those prayed well who prayed that the Colonies might be emancipated and that a new nation might be born, "conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

In the Civil War, those prayed well who prayed that the slave might be emancipated and the Union preserved on the basis of justice and liberty.

To-day those will pray well who pray that military despotism may be destroyed, the reign of the sword may be ended, and the reign of the conscience and the reason may begin.

Righteousness and judgment are said by a Hebrew poet to be the habitation of God's throne. Enduring peace—the peace of

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God—can dwell only in righteousness and judgment.

SHALL THE UNITED STATES BUY SHIPS?

A bill has been introduced into Congress by Congressman Alexander, of Missouri, which provides for the creation of a private corporation to own and operate deep-sea or foreign-going ships. Fifty-one per cent of the stock is to be owned by the United States Government; and the Secretary of the Treasury, the Postmaster-General, and the Secretary of Commerce are to be the voting trust to control this fifty-one per cent of stock. If the bill passes, the Government will furnish the money to this new corporation to buy some ships. It is an interesting coincidence that the bill limits the amount of money supplied by the Government for purchasing the ships to be operated by this new corporation to thirty million dollars, a sum a little greater than it is rumored that the North German Lloyd Line will accept for its ships.

Private advices from Washington justify us in the belief that the general principles of the Alexander Bill have the approval of the National Administration.

The arguments for this bill are very inconclusive. The objections to it are very serious. They are three: economic, political, ethical.

The Economic Objection. The objections to the Government ownership and operation of great railway lines apply with equal force to the Government ownership and operation of steamship lines. We affirm the right of the people to do what they can do better for themselves than can be done for them by private enterprise; we therefore affirm their right to own and operate railway and steamship lines. But such ownership and operation is a novel experiment, and the present is no time for trying such experiments—no time, because the civilized world is engaged in a great war, and the whole strength of the United States Government should be employed in keeping out of the war, and in reducing to a minimum the evils which it unavoidably inflicts upon our people; no time because, until we have definitely decided whether we will attempt the regulation or the dissolution of great combinations, it is not wise to enter on the experiment of Government ownership and operation.

The Political Objection. The United States Government should avoid any action which might involve her in strained relations with the warring Powers. The Government ownership and operation of merchant vessels might easily involve us in such strained relations. Under international law, in time of war the merchant ships of a neutral power may be stopped on the high seas and searched for contraband. If the United States buys and owns, in whole or in part, merchant vessels, and this international right were exercised by a French, English, or German cruiser, the fact would arouse a feeling of resentment in the American people. That feeling might be unreasonable, but it would exist, and it would be much more likely to exist if the ship arrested were owned and operated by the United States Government than if it were owned and operated by private enterprise. The average American would not expect the Government to act as insurer of all private vessels, but it would be hard to persuade him that it ought not to protect its own vessels, in which as a taxpayer he would be shareholder.

The Ethical Objection. The United States Government has declared its neutrality. The President has urged the people to maintain the spirit of neutrality even in their public and private discussions. The Administration has carried the doctrine of neutrality further than it has ever been carried before in the history of the world; for it has expressed officially its disapproval of a loan of money by private bankers to the French nation, engaged in this war. To affirm that for the Government to encourage private enterprise to provide France with money by a loan violates neutrality, but that for the Government itself to provide Germany with money by a purchase does not violate neutrality, seems to The Outlook a palpable inconsistency. It is reasonable to suppose that the Administration has considered this objection and would not give its sanction to this bill without the consent of England and France previously obtained, and it is reported that England and France have cordially consented to the purchase of German ships for which it provides. It is quite possible that England believes that to deprive Germany of these ocean steamships until she can build anew will inflict an injury on German commerce greater than the benefit to Germany of the thirty million dollars paid to her now. But the American people do not know that the approval of either France or England has

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been obtained, and they ought to know of that approval before they give their sanction to this bill. They ought not to act on a rumor or a supposition.

Notwithstanding these objections, the United States Government might perhaps be justified in buying the German ships in New York harbor, if they were necessary to the performance of some great National duty or the protection of some great National interest. If we had no other means of bringing home thousands of Americans marooned abroad, or no other means of sending our breadstuffs abroad and avoiding for ourselves that surplus of useful material which is only less disastrous than a famine, we might be justified in an experimental and hazardous policy. But such a necessity does not exist. England has cleared the sea of hostile cruisers. English, French, and Italian ships are crossing the ocean in comparative safety. Americans abroad suffer some serious inconveniences in their voyages, but there is transportation enough for those who are able to pay, and the American Government can by temporary charter or by army transports provide homecoming for the comparatively small number who find themselves stranded abroad without money or credit. Nor does there appear to be a serious lack of vessels to carry to Europe the breadstuffs which we have to sell. It is true that the large German mercantile fleet has been put out of commission, but it is also true that there are few or no steerage passengers to come from Europe to America, and tl at breadstuffs cannot be sent with safety to Belgian or German ports, and it may be gravely doubted whether the lessened commercial fleet is not entirely adequate to provide for the lessened commerce with Europe.

The proposal to have the Government buy, own, and operate merchant ships might perhaps be defended if such purchase were one step toward the re-establishment of an American merchant marine. But it is not such a step. The purchase and operation of merchant vessels by the United States Government would do nothing to encourage private capital to purchase and operate merchant vessels. On the contrary, it would discourage purchase and operation by private enterprise. Private capital is never inclined to compete with the Government; the industry which the Government takes up private capital lets fall. The express companies are allowing the United States Government to carry the small packages, and are devoting their energies to building up a business with the larger and weightier packages which the Government does not carry. The United States Government would not stimulate private factories by establishing and operating factories with the capital of the people. The way to prevent the development of private ownership and operation of a merchant marine is for the Government to own and operate a merchant marine on the people's account.

The Outlook has heretofore pointed out the fact that the American Nation is in some respects the most independent nation on the globe. Three things are necessary for life—food, shelter, and clothing. The people of the United States, thanks partly to their National policy, thanks partly to the variety of their soil, climate, and products, are able to provide for themselves food from their prairies, shelter from their forests, clay banks, and iron mines, and clothing from their cotton-fields and flocks of sheep. But they are almost wholly dependent upon foreign nations for their means of international intercourse. The present war has brought home to all the people this fact. It is an opportune time to take up the question how we shall make ourselves as independent of foreign nations for our international intercourse as we are independent of them for food, shelter, and clothing. But it is a very inopportune time to try experiments supposed to be called for by temporary exigencies, but having no relation to a well-organized and enduring National policy.

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF CHRISTIANITY

A committee in Chicago is publishing a series of small volumes entitled "The Fundamentals," meaning the fundamentals of Christianity. The expense of the publication is provided by two laymen whose names are not given to the public. The publishers—Testimony Publishing Company, 808 North La Salle Street, Chicago—announce that "all English-speaking Protestant pastors, evangelists, missionaries, theological professors, theological students, Young Men's Christian Association secretaries, Young Women's Christian Association secretaries, Sunday-school superintendents, religious lay workers, and editors of religious publications throughout the earth, who so desire, are entitled to a free copy of each volume of 'The Fundamentals.'" The contributions to

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this series of volumes are made by eminent scholars of America and Great Britain. They all represent, though from somewhat different points of view, the conservative school of theology. With some of the positions taken in some of these papers The Outlook is in hearty agreement, from others we as heartily dissent.

But whether we agree or we dissent, we do not believe that the system of doctrines presented, or any system of doctrines, can properly be called "the fundamentals" of the Christian religion. To be specific, we do not believe that such topics as "The Biblical Conception of Sin," "At-One-Ment by Propitiation," "Fulfilled Prophecy a Potent Argument for the Bible," however important, can properly be called "fundamentals of Christianity." These are not the topics which the Bible itself represents as "fundamentals."

The foundation of the Christian religion was laid by Moses at Mount Sinai. He gave to the children of Israel ten commandments or principles of life which may be summarized thus: Reverence for God; honor for parents; preservation of certain allotted time for ministry to the higher life; regard for the four fundamental rights of man; and all rendered from the heart cordially, not from fear reluctantly. And Moses told Israel that if they obeyed these fundamental commands they would be a nation of priests. In the fundamentals furnished by Moses nothing is said of temple, priest, sacrifice, or theological doctrine.

Years passed away. Israel had not obeyed these commands. They were confronting national punishment, and in their dread asked, What should they do? "Wherewith," said Israel, "shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? . . . Shall I come before him with burnt offerings? . . . Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" Micah answered, repeating the message of Moses: "What doth the Lord require of thee," said he, "but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Again years passed. Jesus Christ came. The people brought to him the question which they had brought to Moses and to Micah: What are the fundamentals? They were perplexed by the contending claims of different schools. Some put Sabbath observance first; some, regulations respecting ceremonial washings; some, the synagogue services; some, the sacrificial system of the Temple. Jesus Christ answered them: That love to God and love to man were the two great commandments; that there were no other commandments greater than these; that on these depended all the law and the prophets. These two commandments are, acccording to him, the fundamentals of Christianity.

Paul is regarded as the theologian of the Apostolic Church. His was certainly the most philosophical mind in the Church in that era. In a notable passage he has given what may properly be regarded as the earliest of all Christian creeds. "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Thus Moses, Micah, Paul, and Jesus Christ all concur in teaching that the fundamentals of the Christian religion consist, not in a system of doctrines, but in a new and divine life; in reverence and righteousness, in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God; in living soberly, righteously, godly, and hopefully; in one word, in love, in all its various phases, experiences, and activities. To substitute as the fundamentals of Christianity a system of doctrines for this life of love is not to promote the life of the spirit, it is to dwarf and deaden the life of the spirit. It is to deflect men's minds from right living to scholarly thinking. It is practically to deny that Christianity is a universal religion and make it a form of philosophy. Doing justly, loving mercy, living reverently and hopefully, is something which can be understood by the scholar in his library, by the cook in the kitchen, by the child in the playground. But that atonement is by propitiation, or that the future coming of Christ will be "visible bodily local," or that the grace of God is "a certain attitude or act of God toward man," are propositions which, however important they may appear to the scholar in his library, are not likely to be understood by the cook in the kitchen or the child in the playground. We believe in careful theological thinking. We regard theology as the highest type of philosophy. But philosophy is not religion and careful theological thinking is not fundamental to religion.

It is true that the Christian religion not only declares what God requires of his chil-

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dren, but it also declares what God will do for his children, and this declaration what God will do for his children is as essential to the welfare and the peace of humanity as the declaration of what God requires of his children. But, to take advantage of his gifts, not understanding but obedience is necessary—and nothing but obedience. Food is necessary to life, but it is not necessary that the child should understand the processes of digestion in order to live. Medical treatment is sometimes necessary to life, but it is not necessary that the patient should understand the nature of the medical treatment to which he submits. It is only necessary that the child should eat the food which his father gives him, that the patient should receive the medicine which the doctor prescribes for him. What God does for his children is perhaps nowhere in the Bible more tersely or beautifully described than in the One Hundred and Third Psalm: "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies, who satisfieth thine age with good, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." It is not necessary to understand how it is that God bestows these gifts on his children in order to receive them with a loving, trustful, and obedient heart.

The fundamentals of the Christian religion are not doctrines of incarnation, atonement, Trinity, inspiration. The fundamentals of the Christian religion are the desire to possess a spirit like the spirit of Christ, and to live a life of love, service, and sacrifice like the life of Christ.

STORING UP GOOD READING

A man who has spent his life in the society of the best books once expressed regret that he had not saved some of Balzac's novels for his old age. The author of "Père Goriot" has many admirers; it is doubtful if he has many lovers. He is not one of the Frenchmen with whom one gets on intimate terms easily; he is too portentous a personage; everybody recognizes his genius, but they are few who would feel at ease with him before an open fire. Everything about him was prodigious, even his largely imaginary debts. He was a mighty workman, as was Zola. "Cousin Pons" and "The Magic Skin" bear the traces of such heavy-handed toil that the very act of reading them seems to invoke the spirit of toil rather than that sense of freedom which breathes from the greatest literature and makes it a gate of escape from the littleness of things. The conscientious, laborious writer is an impressive figure in an age of slothful and slipshod writing; but even the man of toil must keep his tools out of sight if he would make our leisure hours companionable and fleeting. One is never quite at ease with a man in his workshop; the visit seems an intrusion and the time taken from the busy man seems like a theft. Is it not Alexander Smith who says that one must always read Milton in evening dress? A fugue of Bach's played on a great organ takes one out of the pettiness and confusion of things, but it is not to be enjoyed without some preparation of the spirit. The "Fifth Symphony," on the other hand, is not less great, but, at least for most people, it is more accessible. Bach could play and Beethoven could toil mightily; but the artist is greatest when his toil takes on the joy, the spontaneity, and the freedom of play.

Flaubert was, even more than Balzac or Zola, a writer who took infinite pains, who plied the file in the light of the midnight lamp with tireless and relentless zeal; but his hand was not so heavy nor his manner so oppressive as the hand and manner of the authors of "The Magic Skin" and of "Nana;" his method was more academic, his interest in perfection of workmanship was more absorbing than his interest in life. Balzac did not escape the materialism of his time; on the contrary, he loved it and delighted to describe it; he reveled in imaginary luxury; our great fortunes would have given him unmeasured joy; a thousand millions would have inspired him to the point of ecstasy. He takes almost as much pleasure in making catalogues of objects as Whitman did in enumerating railways, steamboats, tools, occupations; but Balzac had immense power and he had the sense of tragedy in life, and so he escaped the snare of materialism.

But one would hardly choose Balzac for the companion of the years in which, however valiant and active the spirit remains, life has brought a certain fatigue and a lessening of the strain is welcome. It is not a question of morality; age is safe from vice even when alluringly portrayed in fiction; the old man who has sufficient grace to enjoy good writing will not suffer from reading "Cousin

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Betty," with its repulsive studies of senile sensualism. Age is a protection from contamination. Dr. Holmes once said that it made no difference if a man is spoiled after he is eighty! The last two decades of the century in a man's life are disinfected, and there was a large grain of truth in the remark of one of the most charming old men of our time: "When one has passed ninety, he may say or do what he chooses." Most readers would not save Balzac for old age, not because he describes corruption with such power, but because he is not companionable. The air of the workshop hangs around too many of his stories. The sinewy strength, tempered and subdued to the uses of art, which many French writers use with consummate skill, was beyond his reach, and, great as he was, he is not a companion for those hours when one wants to feel the nearness of life without being weighed down by it; when art is invited to sit by the fire for the joy and freedom that it brings rather than for its power of instruction. In the awful slaughter at Syracuse, so nobly described by Thucydides, those Greeks who could recite passages from Euripides were spared even in the madness of victory! There are many who are sorry that they have not "laid up" a few stories of Thackeray for old age, as our ancestors once stored their cellars against the barrenness and severity of the winter months. Thackeray was not a temperamental optimist; he was not given to the telling of romantic falsehoods about life; on the contrary, he has not escaped the accusation of cynicism. It is a lesson to those who look, in this confused world, for the justice which comes from complete understanding, that this great and tender-hearted man of genius should be accused of cynicism by the literalists, and of sentimentalism by the realists.

But, aside from all disputes about his view of human nature, Thackeray is one of the most companionable of writers. That he was "clubable" everybody knows; that he is a choice spirit for slippered ease and the open fire is known by all who have lived long enough to understand him. Thackeray has a style of extraordinary individuality, but its informality, its apparent ease, its intimate, confidential air, mislead only those who confuse manner with mannerism and art with artifice. The author of "Vanity Fair" lays no burden on his readers, because he keeps his tools out of sight; he is always at ease and at leisure; whether you agree with him or not, his presence is welcome if you have invited distinguished people to meet him; and if you happen to be alone with him you count yourself especially fortunate.

THE COMMENT OF A MILITARY MAN

BY A WEST POINT GRADUATE

THE war that is being waged between Germany and the Allies to-day, as would be the case in any other war between any of the civilized nations, is simply a problem that has been solved by the general staff of every nation. The result of each solution depends somewhat on the assumptions made, but predictions made by general staff students as to the outcome of any modern war are practically the same. In the great problem that is being worked out in Europe to-day there is but little difference except in minor details from what military experts had predicted would occur. Many of these predictions have been proved fairly uncanny in their accuracy, the daily work of the German armies on the French frontier being almost exactly as foretold by our best students of war.

Some unknown quantities have been injected into the problem that have changed results—*retarded* results somewhat, and may hasten the final solution. For example, France undoubtedly figured that Germany would respect Belgian neutrality; practically all other military experts calculated that the German attack on France would be made exactly as it has been made, but did not count on the fierce resistance made by the Belgian army, nor did many figure that England would land troops on the Continent. These two unknown quantities thrown into the German problem have placed her armies from eight to fourteen days behind her schedule. Another unknown quantity has been omitted from the problem—Italy. All the war mathematicians counted Italy and her army and navy with the Triple Alliance.

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This also will change dates in the terrible programme.

It is quite probable that even with the above changes the Germans will invest and, possibly, occupy Paris. The taking of many Belgian and French strongholds to date indicates two things—an overwhelming attack in which the new German siege gun and the eleven-inch siege mortars must have been used in large numbers, and a lack of the qualities of the badger and woodchuck on the part of the French. Paris is the strongest fortified city on earth—or thought to be. The Germans *may* capture it, but it is not believed that a German army would occupy Paris in this war if her fortifications were in the hands of either the English or the Russians.

Whether the Germans occupy Paris or the Russians capture Berlin will have little immediate effect on the ultimate solution. Bull Run did not defeat the North. The South fought for two long years after Gettysburg and Vicksburg. The loss of great battles and important cities will not end this war. The loss of their capitals would be a blow to the pride of both nations and would have a certain moral effect on the mass of the inhabitants; but the only thing that will end this titanic struggle will be that which brought the Civil War to a close—the cutting off of supplies of food and munitions of war and the complete exhaustion and practical annihilation of the armies of one side or the other. Which is it going to be? France and England and Russia can wage bitter war for months, or even years, after Paris is captured; Germany can fight many terrible battles after Berlin is in the hands of the Russians.

From a disinterested and unprejudiced study of this most interesting problem, taking into consideration the preparedness for war of the contestants, the length of time necessary for the Allies to mobilize their full strength, the question of equipping reserves, the manufacture of munitions and material of war, the transportation of food and troops, and especially the personal equation of *all* the nations engaged, it is not seen how the war can ultimately end other than disastrously to Germany. The world is mistaken if it chinks that England went into this struggle without being fully determined to fight to the death if necessary to win. Fortunately for England—and the Allies—probably the finest type of the British bull dog soldier she has ever produced is in the saddle—Kitchener.

England has control, not only of the Channel, but of all the oceans, and is free to transport her war levies from Australia, Canada, and India. We may yet see the strange spectacle of a quarter of a million Indian troops fighting in France; and as this is an age of wonders, little Japan might loan a few hundred thousand men to the Allies, just to get even with the Kaiser for 1893.

If the Allies were possessed of the wellnigh perfect system of organization and supply that the German General Staff has evolved for the armies of Germany, the latter would not be so near Paris. Had we such a system and war was declared, it would work something as follows: In New York City, for instance, every man belonging to the various reserves ordered out would report at once to the storehouse where his equipment is kept. Giving his name to a clerk, he is handed a bundle of clothing; this contains two field uniforms complete—two coats, two pairs of trousers, two pairs of leggings, two pairs of marching shoes, one hat, two suits of underclothes, four pairs of socks, housewife, blankets, blanket-roll, etc. All articles are of the correct size, selected, tried on, and put away for this soldier, with his name tag on the bundle. It also contains a brass tag bearing his official number, which he wears next his body, suspended from his neck by a cord. He then repairs to a dressing-room, puts on a uniform, makes up his field-roll with all the other articles, ties up his civilian clothing, and hands it to the clerk to put away for him. The man would then go to his armory, either the same building where his outfit is kept or elsewhere, and draw his rifle, belts, and ammunition, and would then be ready to march with his company or regiment to entrain. In the cities regiments would be ready to march in from four to six hours. In country districts it would take from twelve to twenty-four hours.

Germany has a complete field outfit ready for every able-bodied man *by name*, and every man knows where to go to get it in the least possible time after the call goes forth. She probably had two millions of men on the way to her frontiers within twenty-four hours after war was seen to be inevitable. Going to the *frontier* in Germany is like going to Albany or Montauk Point from New York. Every able-bodied man in the Empire is a trained soldier. In being able quickly to equip and mobilize her reserves for defensive or offensive warfare Germany is far ahead.

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The rapidity with which the Germans have reduced and captured the forts around Liège, Namur, and other fortified cities that were in their way would indicate that they must have a large number of heavy caliber siege guns and mortars with the attacking force. They must use at least nine-inch guns and eleven-inch mortars. The guns have their own carriages, and their transportation over the excellent roads of Europe is a simple matter. The taking of the siege mortar with an invading army is more difficult, and the German transport service must resort to the use of large platforms on wheels which they move over the macadam roads by steam or motor engines, or, what is more likely, they are probably four-tracking the railway supply lines, thus enabling the artillery force to mount this heavy ordnance on huge platforms laid on flat cars and moved at will into position where it can be unloaded and planted for attack. The effective range of these siege mortars is from six to nine miles; they throw an armor-piercing shell which weighs about eight hundred pounds, and it can be readily seen that a rain of these interesting missiles would make any but the hardiest troops desire a change of station, especially as their accuracy of fire at seven miles is within a few feet.

Both sides have undoubtedly suffered enormous losses, but our newspapers should avoid the ridiculous and exaggerated statements that have been appearing recently. One day last week the papers stated that the Germans had *destroyed* three Russian corps of 120,000 men and had captured 70,000. In the complete rout of the Russian army at Mukden the Japanese captured only about 30,000, and in the Civil War the North lost in killed but a little over 100,000 in the whole four years. It would be a human impossibility to *destroy* 120,000 men in one battle. A loss of twenty per cent in killed and wounded is about all that seasoned troops will stand before giving way, and ten per cent is a frightful loss.

The newspapers recently printed a despatch saying that the French were impressed by the coolness of the British soldiers under fire because they went into battle smoking their pipes.

This is no uncommon occurrence in both the British and American armies. In hard service of any kind parade-ground discipline is largely laid aside, and especially in battle a soldier is allowed to do almost anything that will keep up his nerve, keep him going towards the enemy and keep his rifle popping. He can smoke, swear, or even take a drink if he can get it, so long as he keeps going in the right direction. It is a common thing to see American soldiers smoking under fire, and "Dutch courage" is a common nickname for liquor. In the fight at El Caney, Santiago, Cuba, in 1898, the story was told that General Chaffee had half of his cigar shot away by a Spanish sharpshooter, at which discourtesy the General expressed his opinion of that Spaniard in no uncertain terms.

GERMANY AND TURKEY

BY A RETIRED OFFICER OF THE GERMAN ARMY

*Some critics have said that Germany is inciting Turkey to enter the European conflict against the Allies because she is willing to stoop to anything to win. The following article is of interest because it defines the alliance of Germany and Turkey as a perfectly natural one. The author is a widely traveled and highly accomplished officer of the German army now living in the United States, having reached the age of retirement. His argument is that, if the Allies win, Turkey looks forward to a loss of Constantinople. But he does not make it clear how Turkey can preserve Constantinople—except in a very nominal and pro forma way—if Germany dominates Europe.—*THE EDITORS.

A SEEMINGLY new factor has recently entered into European calculations of the war. The German battleships in the Mediterranean, the Goeben and the Breslau, took refuge in the Dardanelles; reports said they were sold to Turkey; even the price was named. Then we read news of German sailors and ammunition sent by way of Bulgaria to Constantinople; next of 800 German officers and men going the same

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way. The Turkish army is mobilized; a Turkish army of the first line of 200,000 men all Mohammedans, is formed; a body of 72 German superior officers is incorporated in the Turkish army.

In a very few days Turkey, although she denies it, is expected to declare war against Russia, and a general uprising of the Mohammedan world is within the possibilities.

The "Balkan War" is a sort of permanency in Europe. Since the fall of the East Roman Empire and the taking of Constantine's capital Turkey has been a power of varying strength in Europe. Step by step the Turks advanced northward, spreading terror wherever they came, until, in 1683, when they besieged Vienna, they were driven back by Sobieski's Poles and some German regiments. Since then there has been a "Balkan War" whose flames sometimes sprang high up, at other times were secretly smoldering under the ashes. Such events as the Crimean War and the last Russo-Turkish War and the latest uprising in the Balkans are episodes only in the European efforts to reduce and finally drive out Turkey from Europe. Yet, though his holdings of territory in Europe have dwindled down to very little, the "Sick Man" is still in possession of that wonderful place, Constantinople, on the Bosphorus. When the Turk has to leave Constantinople and go back to Asia, whence he came, who shall be his heir and successor? Constantinople is the bridge between Europe and Asia. It leads to the lands of those teeming millions of people, industrious and intelligent, whose dreaming and whose work have for many centuries contributed to European wealth, to our philosophy and our religions, to our arts, our poetry, our architecture. They still send us the products of their industry—their wonders of silks, of embroideries, of rugs, of porcelains, and a hundred other things. To them we owe our oranges and our peaches, our coffee and tea, our sugar and spices, as well as our fairy tales. Such is the land of Arabia and Persia and India and China. It is the land of our dreams and our desires.

No wonder that Constantinople, the bridge to all this, is jealously watched by the nations of Europe, for it will bring new wealth and power to the successor of the present régime.

Three great Powers are competitors for this succession, and whenever one of them seems to get nearer to the coveted goal the other two will be her bitter enemies. In the first place, there is Russia. The possession of the Bosphorus by Russia would open the door for her fleet and her commerce of the Black Sea into the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean. It would make Odessa a great center almost at once. Even now, without the free passage to the sea, Odessa is the greatest harbor and commercial town in Russia.

The fact that the Balkan peninsula is inhabited principally by Slavic tribes who, though all the time in bitter strife among one another, are of the same Russian Greek religion, makes Pan-Slavism an excellent pretext to Russia for trying again and again to gain territory there and approach Constantinople. After Sebastopol, her fortress in the Crimea, had fallen in 1851, and she had to yield to her enemies England, France, Italy, and Turkey, she tried again in 1878. With the help of Rumania she advanced victoriously far south, and hoped to dictate the terms of peace in the Treaty of San Stefano in the very outskirts of Constantinople; but Disraeli sent an English fleet into the Dardanelles and frustrated Russia's intentions. Bismarck called the Powers to convene in Berlin, and peace was established in the Treaty of Berlin. England acquired Cyprus. Eventually Austria got Bosnia and Herzegovina. Germany gained in prestige without having drawn her sword. Pan-Slavism had to wait. Germany wanted peace.

England could wait. Holding Gibraltar and Malta, and Egypt, Cyprus, and the Suez Canal, she was master in the Mediterranean and controlled the shortest way to India and China.

With Germany as a friend of Austria and of Turkey, an actively helping friend, whose advice and example and whose officers led them to improve their armies and defend their possessions against the pressure from East and West, the necessity of uniting dawned on England and Russia. Constantinople could never be won by either of them as long as Germany had to be reckoned with. And so the unnatural alliance of the two old enemies was achieved, and France was easily attracted as a very desirable third by the hope of having her revenge for 1870.

The three watched for their opportunity, and it came along with the Serajevo incident. Servia intended to cause an uprising of the Slavs in Austria, and knew Russia would support her. The result was the great European war. It is really an Oriental war. When and where will it end?

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JAPAN VERSUS GERMANY

A JAPANESE VIEW

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

AUTHOR OF "ASIA AT THE DOOR," "AMERICAN JAPANESE RELATIONS," ETC.

THE characterization by Mr. Bullard, The Outlook's war correspondent, of the Japanese ultimatum to Germany as "brutal and provocative" is not quite right. Taken in itself, the ultimatum does indeed sound brutal, but to understand Japan's course of action in the present case we must take into consideration Germany's attitude towards Japan during the past twenty years.

Most people know how Germany treated Japan at the end of the Chino-Japanese War, which cost Japan a hundred thousand lives and a billion dollars. But few Americans know that Germany's interference with the Chino-Japanese peace terms was only the first of many unpleasant experiences which Japan has had with Germany.

In the war against China Japan was convinced of the justice of her cause. When the war came to an end, therefore, Japan thought she could demand of China the cession of the Liaotung Peninsula without violating the dictates of justice. But Germany, perhaps anxious to ingratiate herself with the Czar, peremptorily ordered Japan out of the peninsula. To my mind that advice was far more "brutal" than the Japanese advice recently given Germany. On the day the peace treaty was signed between China and Japan all Japan was celebrating; the next day the whole country was in mourning because of that German advice. Not that Japan was sorry to part with the newly acquired peninsula, but because her pride and her sense of honor were outraged by the overbearing attitude of Germany. The German advice was far more peremptory than the French and Russian notes on the same occasion. The Kaiser's note, in its original form, even asserted that Japan could not afford to disregard the counsel of such a powerful country as Germany. And the masterful manner in which the German Ambassador presented it to the Foreign Department is still a topic of gossip in Tokyo.

When Germany occupied Kiaochau on a slight pretext, she had a secret understanding with Russia, in virtue of which the Czar was free to occupy the Liaotung Peninsula, the self-same territory from which the Kaiser and Czar compelled Japan to withdraw only two years before. You can well imagine how chagrined Japan was.

The German seizure of Kiaochau, followed by the Russian occupation of the Liaotung, the English occupation of Weihaiwei, and the French occupation of Kwanchau Bay, were largely responsible for the Boxer disturbance of 1900. When the Boxers besieged the Legation quarters in Peking, Japan proposed to the Powers that she be permitted to rush her troops to rescue the beleaguered foreigners. The Kaiser put his foot upon Japan's proposal, and insisted that unless Japan could guarantee that her action would by no means interfere with the interests of other Powers he could not accept the proposal. Such incidents clearly show the Kaiser's mental attitude towards Japan.

During the Boxer disturbance Russia was scheming to add Manchuria to her own map, and it was an open secret that the Kaiser was encouraging this ambition of the Czar's. About this time the London "Times" published an article reporting the existence of a secret treaty by which the Kaiser was to render clandestine assistance to the Czar in the event of a Russo-Japanese war.

While Japan was measuring swords with Russia, Germany's attitude towards the Muscovite Empire was the virtual violation of neutrality. The Berlin Government permitted a German steamship company to sell a number of steamships to the Russian navy and to help Rozestvenski's Baltic squadron secure coal en route to the Japan Sea. What was more surprising, a German officer who was by Japan's special courtesy permitted to accompany the Japanese army to the front was found secretly reporting to his Government the activities of the Mikado's forces without the permission of the censoring officers.

To say that Japan is, in the present juncture, actuated solely by sense of obligation towards the treaty of alliance with England

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would be hypocritical. While it is absolutely true that Great Britain approached Japan with a view to securing her aid in this war, it must be frankly admitted that Japan has not forgotten the hurts which Germany has so frequently inflicted upon the pride of Japan. In her ultimatum to Germany, Japan, as you say, "did not cite a single grievance;" but did Germany cite any grievance in ordering Japan out of the Liaotung?

[NOTE.—It was not my intention to hold Japan up for any particular blame in my article of August 9. Japan has acted in this matter in entire accord with the traditions of European international usage. Her actions seem to me to have been as brutal and provocative as Austria's toward Servia. England has taken Egypt and Cyprus, France has taken Morocco, with just as unsportsmanlike disregard for the fact that their opponents were helpless. If Japan desires any further precedent to justify her attitude, she can refer to the way in which Germany took Kiaochau from China in the first place.—ARTHUR BULLARD.]

BENEDICT XV

The following article was prepared for The Outlook at its request by a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic—an American pastor and writer who has studied the questions involved, both at home and abroad.—THE EDITORS.

THERE is very little known on this side of the world about the personality or characteristics of the man who has so suddenly been elevated to the headship of the great Roman Catholic communion. He succeeds one "by birth a peasant, by vocation a saint," who, ascending the Throne of the Fisherman utterly unknown to the great world, has left an impress on his Church deeper than any Pontiff for five hundred years, and convinced a skeptical world that the virtues peculiar to the meek and lowly Christ are still able to conquer where the more fascinating characteristics of earthly power fail. Pius X was called to rule over a Church that had regained through the masterly diplomacy of Leo XIII its position of acknowledged importance in the affairs of the world. By the diplomacy of the undiluted Gospel he brought that Church to a height of spiritual development unparalleled for many centuries. Benedict XV comes to rule when all the arts of diplomacy and the disinterestedness of the highest spirituality will be needed to enable the Papacy to regain its rôle as peacemaker and to revive religion in those fair countries of Europe which now are devastated by terrific war, and whose sad condition even now may furnish at least one commentary on the cryptic prophetic symbol of the new Pope, "*Religio depopulata.*" The external task confronting Benedict XV is stupendous. If Germany should win and enslave Europe, he will have to contend with the same arrogant spirit that created the Falk Laws and the Kulturkampf. Should the Allies prove victorious, Rome will be most intimately brought in contact with the overwhelming power of the Greek Orthodox Church, its most deadly enemy. The triumph of Russia will sound the death knell of Roman Catholicism in eastern Europe. Either alternative will certainly require the exercise of the shrewdest diplomacy on the part of the Papacy, for there will no longer be the prestige of a great Catholic power like Austria to give it material backing.

What the intellectual condition of Europe will be after the war no man can say. Harnack has proclaimed that the struggle is really between Teutonic and Muscovite culture. It is a new thought to us, at any rate, that the world that has successively passed under the intellectual yoke of Greek and Latin, Celt and Teuton, should come to be dominated by the Slav. But it is in the range of possibilities, and, in the event of Russian victory, of probabilities. One fact is prominent in this war, and that is the appeal to God. Prussian atheism has made that appeal as well as Christian England, while infidel France immediately suspended the decrees of expulsion issued against certain religious communities, and the mobilizing troops welcomed with affection the car-loads of nuns who were hurried with them to the front to serve as nurses. All the world must

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have been touched by the evidently sincere and sincerely simple religious faith of the Czar in calling his people to arms. The mushroom religious philosophies for the moment have disappeared.

In their awful danger men, so far as they are religious, have gone back to the elements of religion. God has become a reality for them and prayer a necessity. On the whole, a decidedly healthy spiritual element is discernible in the part of the world involved. With the high spiritual condition of the Church achieved under Pius X, the future of Benedict XV would therefore seem to promise auspiciously as far as his own Church is concerned. But what are the prospects of that Church exerting any influence upon a victorious Prussia, essentially atheistic though apparently Christian, or a triumphant Russia, strong in her orthodoxy? We must not forget, either, that recent incidents illustrating the theological division in the English Established Church have made manifest the decay of patristic Christianity in England, and consequently rendered more difficult the task of Rome to impress herself upon that great nation. Such are some of the elements of the problem that confronts Benedict XV. What is his equipment to deal with them?

It is quite obvious that the secretary of Cardinal Rampolla must be a trained diplomat. Under that masterful, patient, learned mind the knowledge acquired during the protracted, diverse, and delicate negotiations conducted in the reign of Leo XIII with the Great Powers of Europe must prove of immense advantage to the new Pontiff, called now to originate such negotiations for himself. It is equally obvious that his diplomacy or policy lacks sympathy with that pursued by Cardinal Merry del Val. It is no secret that the latter was responsible for the removal of Mgr. della Chiesa from Rome; and it is quite legitimate to infer that there will be a radical divergence in policy. The experience acquired by Benedict XV as actual administrator of the important see of Bologna will be invaluable to him now, as the pastoral service of Pius X proved of such benefit to him and his Church. So that, from the point of view both of diplomacy and the pastoral office, Benedict XV comes to the throne well equipped for the tremendous task set before him. His rumored appointment of Cardinal Ferrata as Secretary of State is an indication of his sympathy with what may be termed the Broad party in the Church. The new Secretary of State has been a consistent friend of Cardinal Mercier, of Mechlin, who was continually in trouble with the last administration on account of his modern ideas as expressed in his Institute of Philosophy at Louvain. This would seem to indicate some relaxation of the rigidity that many had come to fear in the scholastic policy of Pius X. That policy served its purpose. Modernism will never again be heard of in the Catholic Church. The present cataclysm, bringing men, as it surely will, back to primitive and fundamental notions, will clear away many of the fantastic difficulties created by a fatuous intellectualism. And clear thinking on the part of the rulers of the Church of Rome, freed from any extravagances or rigor induced by a natural hysteria at the discovery of the rank treachery disguised as Modernism, will attract the attention of those emerging from the *débâcle* and genuinely seeking light and truth. Such would seem to be the attitude of the Papacy as suggested by the appointments thus far made.

The pronouncements attributed to the Pontiff during the Conclave with regard to the position of the Papacy in the present struggle are an augury of much promise for a successful diplomacy. They were absolutely without partisanship, and presented not only a high but the only true conception of the duty of a Pope claiming to be the representative of Christ. Utterly disinterested, without a trace of worldliness, they proclaimed the office of a shepherd seeking to calm and restrain his unruly sheep. The most striking feature of these utterances was that they placed the Pope in the position, not of one who held aloof until the battle was fought and won, but who in the thick of the *mêlée* sought to make his voice heard and to bring back the combatants to a sense of reason and of right. They betokened fearlessness—a great quality in one who sits in the chair of Peter.

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

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THE NEW POPE

Giacomo della Chiesa, now Benedict XV, was born at Pegli, in Italy, November 21, 1854, and consequently is now nearing his sixtieth birthday. He was ordained a priest in 1878; in 1887 he became secretary to the late Cardinal Rampolla; in 1907 he became an Adviser to the Holy Office, and in the same year was made Archbishop of Bologna; only last May was he elevated to the Cardinalate. The new Pope is a man of aristocratic lineage, in this respect being in decided contrast to the late Pope, who was the son of a Venetian postman. An editorial elsewhere in this issue discusses the personality and probable tendencies of the new Pope

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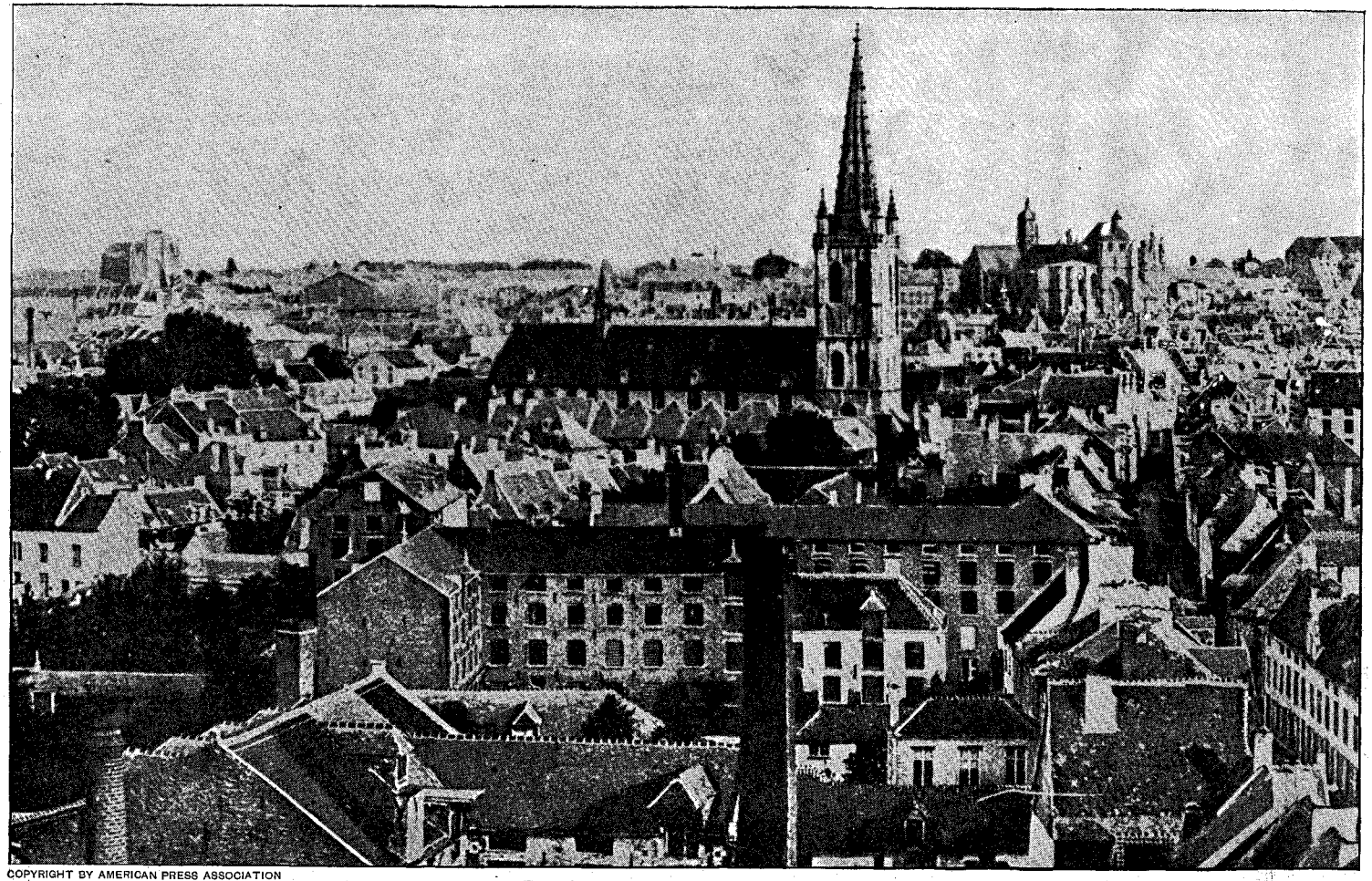

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THE BELGIAN CITY OF LOUVAIN

The destruction wrought by the German army on the picturesque city of Louvain, as reported from non-Teutonic sources, has roused the indignation of the world. Whether the official investigation ordered by the German authorities will lessen this indignation by the presentation of facts that may tend to justify extreme measures remains to be seen. In any case, the loss of any treasures of the past is one of the most deplorable and irreparable results of war. It is to be hoped that the universal regret, including that of many Germans themselves, at the fate of Louvain and other Belgian towns will prevent a repetition of such havoc on the part of any of the contending armies

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THE BELGIAN VILLAGE OF VISÉ

The destruction caused by the war in Europe has, as this picture shows, not been confined to cities like Louvain, but has extended to small towns and villages. The Belgian village of Visé, in which this photograph was taken, was the center of fierce fighting. The desolation wrought in Visé is described by Mr. Albert R. Williams in his correspondence from Belgium printed on another page

BELGIAN TOWNS DEVASTATED BY WAR

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FROM TRUTH (BOSTON, MASS.)

THE EVANGEL OF CIVILIZATION

This cartoon and the one from "Punch" on the opposite page present contrasting views of the effect of the war on free institutions. The "Truth" cartoonist regards the peril as Russian; the "Punch" cartoonist regards the peril as German. There is reason in believing that the present war will result not only in curbing autocracy in Germany but in modifying autocracy in Russia

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FROM PUNCH (LONDON)

THE WORLD'S ENEMY

THE KAISER. "Who goes there?"
SPIRIT OF CARNAGE. "A friend—your only one."

(See comment on preceding page)

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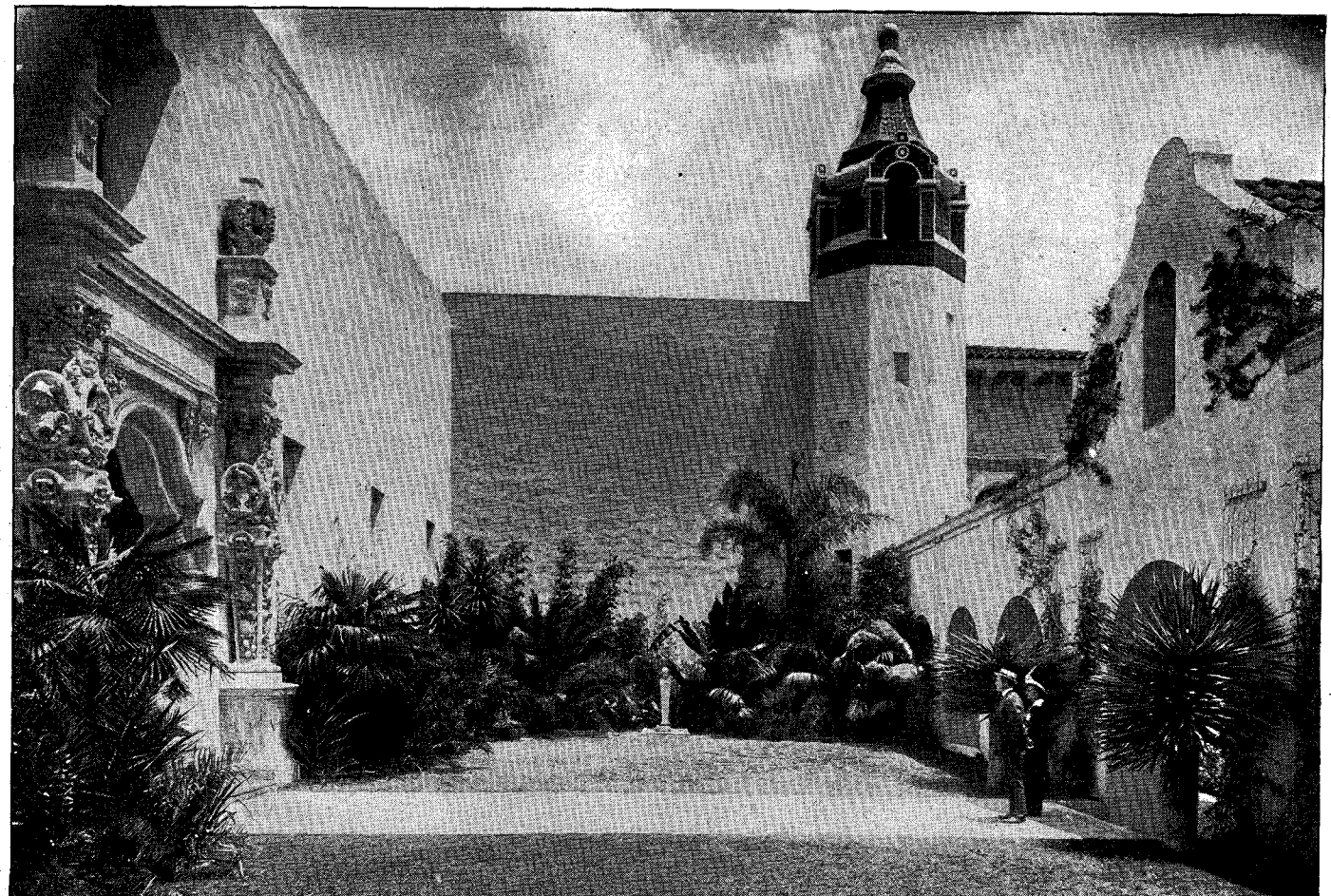

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A GLIMPSE OF THE SAN DIEGO PANAMA EXPOSITION

San Diego, California, as well as San Francisco, is to have, in 1915, an Exposition to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. The San Diego Exposition is in a 1,400-acre park which has been transformed into what is described as "a gorgeous growth of fruit and flower," while "the canyons round about are thick jungles of palm and eucalyptus, of cypress and acacia. Several of the buildings are large, but few are tall. Instead, they spread luxuriously over broad spaces of the mesa which looks down on the sea and the strand of Coronado." Spanish architecture prevails, and over all clambers the luxuriant floral growth that makes Southern California at times a fairyland

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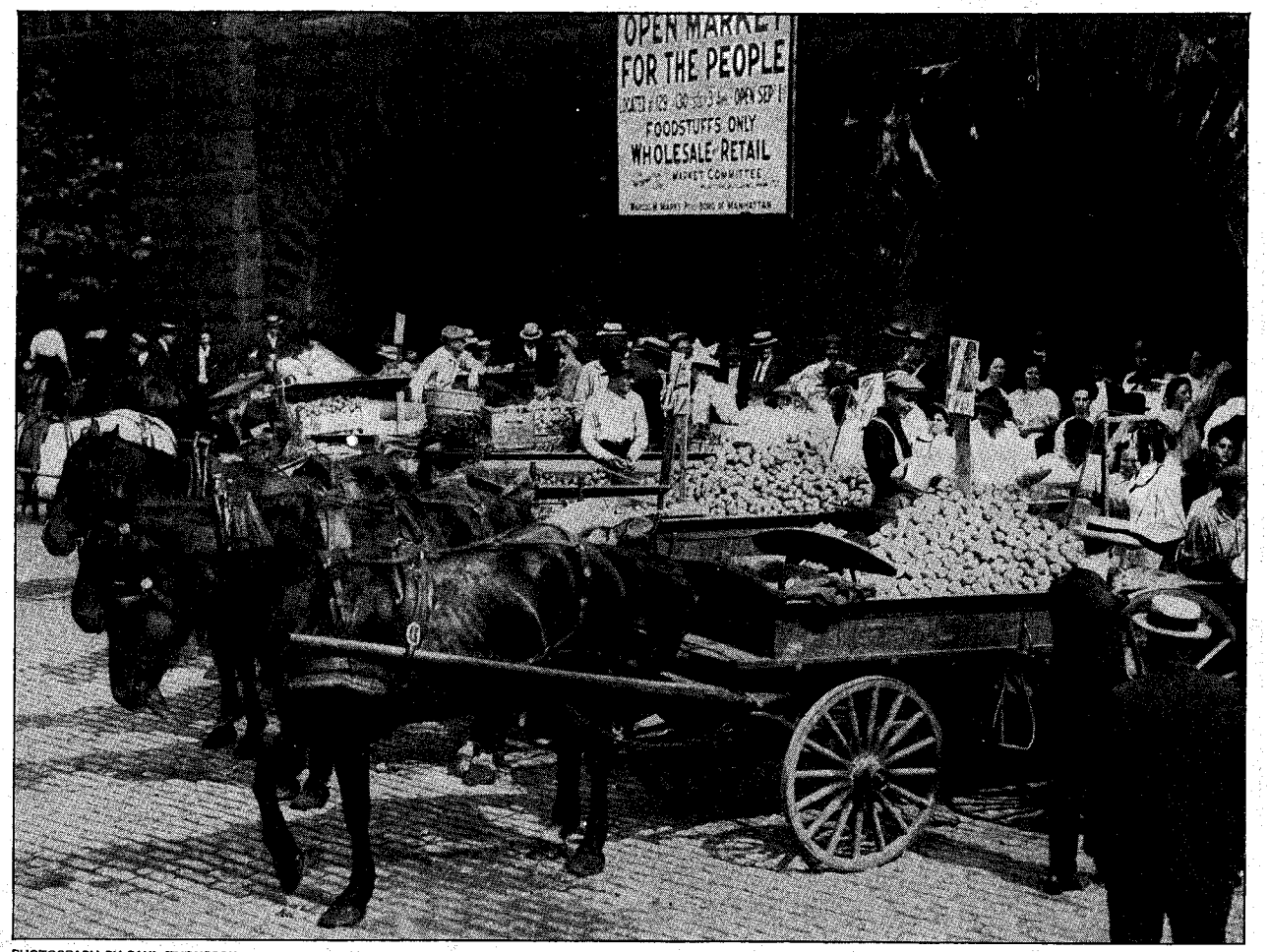

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

A MUNICIPAL MARKET TO REDUCE THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

New York City has made the experiment of trying to bring producer and consumer together in municipal markets. There are several wholesale markets in New York in which buying and selling are done on a large scale, but the retail markets have not been largely patronized, and one of them, Fulton Market, which in former times was a busy exchange, has been closed for some time. The new markets for the people have been largely patronized since their opening recently, and may prove to be the beginning of an important era in New York's household affairs

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REFUGEES

Wherever the colossal armies now battling in Europe appear, scenes such as the above are sure to be common. War's most pathetic aspects are perhaps not to be seen on the battlefield or in the hospital, but along the country roads on which homeless women and children are fleeing they know not whither, and by the doorsteps of ruined huts and cottages to which peasants who have escaped with their lives return to find their little homes demolished, their stock carried off, and their crops destroyed

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WITH THE GERMANS IN BELGIUM

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

I HAVE been with the German army on their march to Antwerp, watching them build their pontoon bridges and set fire to the Belgian villages; and have made my way through the lines to our American Consul at Liège, bringing him the first news from the outer world he has had for two weeks. This is written after traveling some thirty-seven miles on foot, and five miles bumping along in a peasant's cart.

Limbourg is the name of the narrow strip of Dutch territory that runs down between Germany and Belgium. If Germany could swing her troops across this little neck of Dutch soil directly into Belgium, it would save some thirty or forty miles of weary marching. It was a great temptation to Germany. That is the reason the Dutch troops are there by the ten thousands—to prevent Germany from succumbing to that temptation. I took the matter into my own hands and went unofficially. Limbourg is far more prepared for war than any other place I have seen. In Venlo paving-stones torn from the streets and bags filled with sand form barricades across all the streets. Miles of barbed wire were ready to enmesh any luckless invaders. Iron rails and ties were laid across bridges and small cannons mounted at strategic points. Though I was told that even the Dutch papers were allowed to send no men across the border, and that to get a pass was a sheer impossibility, I did get a pass, and made quick time with a carriage across the harvest fields.

Soon we were up on the little hill back of Mesch, just as the sun was sinking, and for the first time war, in all its terrible spectacular splendor, smote me hard. From the hill at my feet there stretched a great plain filled with a dense mass of soldiery. One could scarce believe that they were soldiers, so well did their gray-green coats blend with the landscape. One might believe that they were indeed a part of it could he not feel the atmosphere fairly vibrant with the mass-personality of the myriad warriors tramping down the crops of the peasants. In the rear the commissariat vans and artillery still came lumbering up, while in the very front danced the dreaded Uhlans on their horses, looking with contempt, I imagine, on the Dutch soldiers as they stood there with the warning that here was Netherland soil. Those great hosts on the plains beneath had furnished the picture with a red, luminous background made of the blazing towns of Mouland and Visé, burned to the ground by order of the Germans. The fire was set as a warning to the inhabitants round about. They were taking the warning and coming by the thousands across the border into Limbourg, their only haven of safety. When we drove down from the hill into Eysden, we were in the midst of these peasants fleeing before the red wrath rolling up into the sky. They came shambling in with a few possessions that they had hurriedly laid their hands on, singly or in families, a pitiful procession of the disinherited. Some of the men were moaning as they marched along, but most of them were taking it with the tragic resignation of the peasant, not understanding, stupefied rather than terrified. The women were crying out to Mary and all the saints. Indeed, all the little crosses along the waysides or in the walls were decked with flowers in gratitude for what had been spared to them. In most cases it was little more than their lives, their brood of children, and their dogs that followed on.

Hundreds of private homes were opened to them, and thousands found temporary lodgings in halls and in schools at the expense of the Hollanders. My driver finally landed me in a house on the outskirts of Eysden which paraded the name of hotel. It had the worst bed I ever slept in, and the only window was a hole in the roof, but even then I felt like a robber, for a refugee with a child in her arms came asking "Madame" for a room. Though there were no tears in her eyes, there was tragedy in her voice; but "Madame" only shook her head. Here a Hollander who had come in his automobile to view the havoc of war intervened and took her to the officials.

As darkness deepened we gathered around the table on the piazza of our little hotel. The river Maas, which, the natives say, ran red with the blood of the combatants, and from which they drew floating corpses to shore, ran not more than ten rods from our hotel. We heard the rumbling of cannon in the direction of Tongres. A sentry shot rang out on the frontier just across the river. A

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light blazed up in the distance, and soon we saw that it was a house that had just been fired by the Germans. In these surroundings my new friends regaled me with the stories that the refugees had been bringing through the day.

In the morning I climbed to the lookout on the hill. The Germans had all gone. I walked over to where the great Netherlands flag proclaimed neutral soil. I showed my pass from Maastricht, and with one step I was over the border into Belgium, now under German jurisdiction. The helmeted soldiers across the way looked neither fierce nor fiery. In fact, they greeted me with a smile. I explained that I was to go through to Liège. Was it possible? They shrugged their shoulders. Was it dangerous? Not in the least. The Germans were right. It was not dangerous—that is, for the Germans. By proclaiming the everlasting friendship of Germany and America and passing out some chocolates I made good friends on the home base. They charged me only not to return after sundown, giving point to their advice by relating how only the previous night they had shot down in the darkness a peasant woman who sought to come past the sentinels. They told this with a genuine note of grief in their voices. So, with a hearty handshake and wishes for the best of luck, they waved adieu to me as I went swinging out on the highroad to Liège. A half-mile, and I came for the first time actually face to face with the waste of war. There was what once was Mouland, the little village I had seen burning the night before. The whitewashed stone walls were still standing outside, all shining in the morning sun. Inside they were all charred black, or blazing yet with coals from the fire still slowly burning its way through wood and plaster. Here and there a house had escaped the torch. In the smashed window of one of these houses a bright geranium blossomed. It seemed to cry for water, but I dared not turn aside. In another a sewing-machine of American make testified to the thrift and progressiveness of one household. In the last house as I left the village a rocking-horse with its head stuck through the open door smiled its wooden smile, as though it at least could keep good cheer though the roofs might fall.

My road now wound into the open country; and I was heartily glad of it, for the hedges and the houses at Mouland provided fine coverts for lurking German sentries or for Belgians looking for revenge. Dead cows and horses and dogs with their sides torn with bullets lay along the wayside. The roads were deep printed with the hoofs of passing cavalry. The grain-fields were flattened out. Nine little crosses marked the place where nine soldiers of the Kaiser lay.

I craved companionship of any living creature to break the spell of death and silence. I was destined to have the wish gratified in abundance. Fifteen minutes brought me to the outskirts of Visé, and there, coming over the hills and wending their way down to the river, were two long lines of German soldiers escorting wagons of the artillery and the commissariat. They came slowly jolting on, but with very little noise; and I was upon them as they crossed the main road before I realized it. The men were covered with dust, so were the horses. The wagons were in their somber gray paint of war. There was something ominous and threatening in the long sullen line which wound down over the hill. The soldiers were evidently tired with the long, uneventful march, and the drivers were goaded to irritability by the difficulty of the descent. Could I have retreated I would have done so with joy and would never have stopped until I set my feet on Holland soil. But I dared not do it. As the train came to a stop I started across the road. A soldier dropped his gun from his shoulder, cried, "Halt!" and to my question, "Is this the way to Visé?" replied, "Perhaps it is; but what do you want in Visé?" He kept edging up, pointing with his bayonet directly at me. A bayonet will never look quite the same to me again. At my first word of German his face relaxed. I told him I was an American, and he told me that he thought I was some Belgian. Then he told me how the civilians had treacherously shot from their houses and hedges and had killed German soldiers, and had even poisoned the wells. It was for these acts of treachery, he explained, that reprisals had been taken on the villages. He showed a real anxiety to justify the action. I shall not attempt to judge here the merits of the case. On the highroads the officers evidently hold their men in distinct bounds, and when I got to Liège our Consul told me that German soldiers had actually been shot for pillaging and plunder. No doubt in the country districts the soldiers had provoked the inhabitants; but these peasant people are not the meek, inoffensive beings one might imagine. I can imagine now where came the

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stuff that made the little Belgian force stand the shock of the German army at Liège. A mistake in the road brought this home to me. I turned off in the direction of Verviers. It was along this road that the German army first came into the district, and the peasants, turning to the great royal elms that lined the road, had filled the highway with trees, and so had done their part to impede the onward march of the foe.

The town of Visé, which sheltered some three thousand inhabitants, is a mass of smoking ruins, and the main street, filled with the débris of fallen buildings, was hot and burned beneath my feet. Not one building that I saw here was spared.[1] The huge church upon the hill was unroofed, and the fire had licked it clean of every decoration. Some soldiers were looking through the ruins. I asked them if they were seeking the corpses of any victims. "No," they said, "we are hunting for something to eat." Below Visé tens of thousands of soldiers were marching over the pontoon bridges already built, while perhaps five hundred more were engaged in building a great bridge that seemed to be a magnificent piece of work.

For the next eight miles to Jupilles the country was quite as much alive as the first four miles were dead. It was swarming with military. Through all the gaps in the hills above the river Maas the German army came pouring down like an enormous tidal wave—a tidal wave with a purpose, viz., to fling itself against the Allies arranged in battle line at Namur, and with the overwhelming mass of numbers to smash that line to bits and sweep on resistlessly into Paris. I thought of the blue and red wall of French and English down there awaiting this gray-green tide of Teutons.

By the hundreds of thousands they were coming: patrols of cavalry clattering along, the hoof-beats of the chargers coming with regular cadence on the hard roads; silent moving riders mounted on bicycles, their guns strapped to their backs; armored automobiles rumbling slowly on, but taking the occasional spaces which opened in the road with a hollow roaring sound and at a terrific pace; individual horsemen galloping up and down the road with their messages, and their massed regiments of dust-begrimed men marching endlessly by.

[1] See in this connection a picture of Visé on another page.—THE EDITORS.

I was glad to have the spell which had been woven on me broken by strains of music from a wayside café, or rather the remains of a café, for the windows had been demolished and wreckage was strewn about the door, but the piano within had survived the ravages. Though it was sadly out of tune, the officer seated on a beer keg was evoking a noise from its battered keys, and to its accompaniment some soldiers were bawling lustily, "*Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles!*"

Evidently the Belgians from Visé to Liège had not roused the ire of the invaders as strenuously as the natives on the other side of Visé, and had as a whole established more or less friendly relations with the alien hosts.

On the other side of Visé nothing had availed to stay the wrath of the Germans. Flags of truce made of sheets and pillow-cases and white petticoats were hung out on poles and broom handles, but many of these houses before which they hung had been burned to the ground as had others.

One Belgian had sought for his own benefit to conciliate the Germans, and as the Kaiser's troops at the turn of the road came upon his house there was the Kaiser's emblem raised to greet them. The man had nailed it high up in an apple tree, that they might not mistake his attitude of truculent disloyalty to his own country, hoping so to save his home. But let it be said to the credit of the Germans that they had shown their contempt for this treachery by razing this house to the ground, and the poor fellow had lost his soul along with his earthly treasures.

I saw now a few houses with signs of life, and a little below Argenteau came upon several buckets of water in front of a house, with a rather neat-looking peasant woman standing by them. I inquired what these were for. She had no time to explain, for a column of soldiers at that very moment came plodding slowly along. A worried look came to her face, as though she were saying to herself, "I know that we have been spared so far by all the soldiers that have gone by, but perhaps here at last is the band that has been appointed to wipe us out." This water, then, was a peace offering, a plea for mercy. As soon as she saw the soldiers there was a smile on her face which ill concealed her anxiety. She pointed to her pails. At the sight of the water a thirsty soldier here and there would break from the ranks, rush to the pails, take the proffered cup, and hastily swallow

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down the cooling draught, and always with a smile or with a word of gratitude hand the cup to the woman and rush back again to his place in the ranks. Perhaps a dozen men removed their helmets, and, extracting a sponge from the inside, made motions to the woman to pour water on it, then, replacing the sponge in the helmet, went on their way rejoicing. A mounted officer, spying the water, drew rein, gave the order to halt, and the horse thrust his nose into the pail and greedily sucked the water up, while the men flung themselves down along the road, evidently very wearied by long forced marches.

I volunteered the information that I was an American, and immediately had a score of soldiers around me, evidently thinking that my being there was evidence enough of my right to be there, taking it for granted that the sentries on the road had passed upon my credentials. So we talked about the war in general. Evidently the officer himself had received no information for a long time, for when I said that it was probable that Japan would make war on Germany he said, "Impossible! Why, Japan is almost as good a friend of ours as is America. Those two nations will fight for us rather than against us." I did not know what move to make next, when a soldier who said he was from Wittenberg passed some witticism either at the expense of the officer or myself—which, I could not make out; but, taking advantage of the good spirit they were in, I said adieu, and was off down the road, making a very strong resolution to hold my tongue and keep walking.

In the midst of my reflections I was startled by a whistle, and, looking back, saw in the distance a puff of steam on what I supposed was the wholly abandoned railway, but there, sure enough, was a train rattling along at a good rate. I could make out soldiers with guns sitting upon the tender, and presumed that they were with these instruments directing the operations of some Belgian engineer and fireman. In a moment more I saw I was mistaken, for at the throttle was a uniformed soldier, and another comrade in his gray-green costume was shoveling coal into the furnace. One of the guards, seeing me plodding on, smilingly beckoned to me to jump aboard. When I took the cue and made a move in that direction, he winked his eye and significantly tapped upon the barrel of his gun. The train was loaded with iron rails and timbers, and I wondered what they were for, but farther down the line saw hundreds of men unloading these, making a great noise as they flung them down the river bank to the water's edge. They were destined for a big pontoon bridge which these men were, with thousands of soldiers, throwing across the river.

All the way along now the soldiers were busy with domestic duties. In one place they were shifting hundreds of loaves of black bread from wagon to wagon. In another they were piling a yard high with mountains of grain. A great mill was humming away at full speed near by, and I judged that the Belgian fields were yielding up their golden harvests for the German hordes. Hundreds of horses I could see lined up under the trees in orchards about, enjoying with the soldiers a respite from the long, wearying marches. Here and there among the trees or along the wayside was something that looked like a tiny engine—smoke curled out of its chimney and coals blazed brightly away in the grate. A savory smell permeated the atmosphere and soldiers gathered round, looking happy. They were kitchen wagons, and each made in itself a complete, compact little cooking apparatus. The native Belgians moved in and out now rather freely. Officers were sitting around tables in the yards eating, drinking, and chatting with the native women who were serving them and with whom they had set up an *entente cordiale*. Indeed, the Belgians seemed to be rather enjoying this interruption of the monotony of their lives, and a few were making the most of the great adventure. In one case I could not help believing that a certain strikingly pretty, self-possessed girl was not altogether averse to a war which could thus bring to her side the attentions of such a handsome and gallant set of officers as were gathered round her. At any rate, she seemed to be equal to the occasion, and over her little court, which rang with laughter, she presided with a certain rustic dignity and ease.

The ordinary soldier could make himself understood with only motions and sundry gruntings and murmurings, and consequently had to content himself with smoking in the sun or sleeping in the shade. Everywhere was the atmosphere of physical relaxation after their long journey. So far did the tension wear off that I even forgot the resolution to hold my tongue. Two officers leaning back in their chairs at a table by the

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wayside surveyed me intently as I came along. Rather than wait to be challenged, I thought it best to turn aside and ask them my usual question, "How does one get to Liège?" One of them answered rather stiffly, adding, "And where did you learn your German?" "I was in a German university a few months," I replied. "Which one?" the officer asked. "Marburg," I replied. "Ah!" he said, this time with a smile; "that was mine. I studied philology there." We talked together of the fine, rich life there, and I spoke of the students' duels I had witnessed a few miles out. "Ah!" he said, uncovering his head and pointing to the scars across his scalp; "that's where I got these. Perhaps I will get some deeper ones down in this country," he added, with a smile. With a few words more he said, "*Auf Wiedersehen*," and I was off down the road.

Only once now all the way into Liège did I feel any suspicion on me. I presented my paper to the next guard, who was a morose-looking individual, and he looked at it very puzzledly. He put several questions to me. His last one was, "Where is your home?" "I come from Boston, Massachusetts," I replied. Encouraged with my success with the last officers, I ventured to ask him where he came from. Looking me straight in the eyes, he replied very pointedly, "*Ich komme aus Deutschland.*" The intuition of this common soldier was better than the training of his superiors.

Immediately I made off down the road, feeling no rest from his searching eyes until I turned round a bend in the road and put an intervening obstacle between myself and him. But this relief was short-lived, for no sooner had I rounded the bend than a cry of "Halt!" shot fear into me, for I turned to see a man on a wheel waving wildly at me. I thought it was a summons back to my inquisitor, and the end of my journey. Instead, it was my officer from Marburg, who dismounted, took two letters from his pocket, and asked me would I have the kindness to deliver his letters to the *Feld Post* if I got through to Liège. He said that seemed like a God-given opportunity to lift the load off the hearts of the people at home. Gladly I took them, with his caution not to drop them in an ordinary letter-box in Liège, but to take them to the *Feld Post* or give them to an officer. I went on my way rejoicing that I had these letters to serve as credentials.

I followed the road now leading down through the long street of Jupilles, which was plastered with notices from the German authorities guaranteeing observance of the rights of the citizens of Jupilles, but threatening to visit any overt acts against the soldiers "with the most terrible reprisals." So I arrived on the outskirts of Liège, and expected to see a battered city, after all the bombardments it had undergone; but it seemed to have suffered really but little, considering it had been the center around which the storm of battle had been raging for over three weeks. The windows had been shattered in many buildings, the great bridge by the Rue Leopold had been blown up, and hundreds of stores and public buildings were flying the white flag with the Red Cross on it, while in the Point Lambert the wounded were being brought in from the front. A bookseller who could speak English offered his congratulations on my coming through the lines, was glad to hear of the world's praise for his plucky little country, and proudly said that a German officer had told him that "one Belgian was as good as four Germans." He commenced a tirade against the cruelty of the invaders, but I told him that as civilians his fellow-countrymen had undoubtedly been shooting on the German soldiers. He replied that that was what could be expected when a thief or robber entered a house, no matter if he had announced his coming.

I wandered around the city for a while and noticed the bills that had been posted by order of the German burgomaster Klyper. One was a warning to people not to harbor any pigeons of any kind, because by means of them news was carried to the enemy. Another which was just being posted was the announcement of a levy of 50,000,000 francs, a war tax imposed upon the city to pay for the "administration of civil affairs." "Private property," it added, "will be respected."

I made my way now to the American Consul, who gave me a cordial welcome, said that no one had come through from the outer world for over two weeks, and begged for newspapers that he might realize what was going on. Unfortunately, I had thrown my lot away, not having realized how completely Liège had been cut off from the outside world. Very heartily he invited me to lunch with his wife and daughter, and with much enthusiasm made me appreciate the nature of my adventure.

ALBERT R. WILLIAMS.

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GERMANY'S STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

BY H. C. G. VON JAGEMANN

PROFESSOR OF GERMAN PHILOLOGY AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

POPULAR imagination demands for every great historical event a hero or a villain. So it has tried to fix the responsibility for the present cruel war upon one man; and, in view of a particular sequence of events, the German Emperor has been singled out as the scapegoat. No student of history or of politics, however, believes that any one man nowadays could cause such a clashing of forces as is going on at present in Europe, or that such a war could be due to anything but deep underlying causes, altogether beyond the control of ordinary statesmanship. The real causes of the war are three: France's desire to win back her military prestige and the provinces lost to Germany in 1870; Russia's desire to eliminate Germany as the ally of Austria, her opponent on the way to Constantinople; England's jealousy of Germany's growth as a commercial and naval power. Let us consider these three causes in the order indicated.

FRANCE AND GERMANY

In 1870 France, in order to prevent the further unification and internal strengthening of Germany, used a slight pretext to declare war against the North German Federation, hoping thereby to extend her own territory by the conquest of the left bank of the Rhine. France was defeated, the new German Empire established, and Alsace and a part of Lorraine annexed. France has never forgiven Germany for this defeat. American sympathy has generally been with Germany in this matter; only Germany's annexation of Alsace and Lorraine is often criticised in this country, and, in view of certain wrong impressions concerning it, requires explanation. These provinces belonged to Germany from the time of the division of Charlemagne's Empire in 843 to 1648, when Germany, exhausted by the Thirty Years' War and torn by internal dissensions, was forced to cede the greater part of them to France; Strassburg and the surrounding territory was seized by Louis XIV in time of peace in 1681. The people of Alsace are almost entirely of German stock, belonging to the Alemannian tribe, from the name of which the French name for Germany, Allemagne, is derived. That their native speech is German will appear even to the uninitiated from such names as Mülhausen, Breisach, Strassburg, Weissenburg, Saarburg, etc. Similarly the population of Lorraine is for the most part closely related to that of the adjoining part of Prussia. For a hundred years after their forcible annexation to France the population, especially of Alsace, remained essentially German in character, speech, customs, and intellectual sympathies. No proof of this is needed for any one who is familiar with the story of Goethe's student time in Strassburg in 1770 to 1771, and of his love for Friederike, the parson's daughter, of Sesenheim near Strassburg, with whom he sang the old German folk-songs of the neighborhood. Politically the provinces then were under the rule of France; in every other respect they were a part of Germany. Political sense and national feeling, however, were insignificant among the population, as they then were all over Germany. Not until the French Revolution, more than a hundred years after their annexation to France, did Alsace and Lorraine become French in feeling to any considerable extent; then the great wave of national enthusiasm proceeding from Paris swept over the two provinces and separated them from Germany, where the national spirit was not aroused till much later.

Germany had not forgotten her just claims to these provinces; but even after the terrible effort of shaking off the Napoleonic dominion in 1813–15 she was still too disunited and weak to win them back. So they remained with France until 1870, and during this long period their political attachment to France became very strong, while nevertheless the great mass of the population retained its old German speech. France during this period looked upon the provinces with the superiority of the conqueror; the Alsatian speaking his German *patois* was regarded as far inferior to the genuine Frenchman.

After her victory in 1870 Germany exacted the return of the lost provinces. She did this partly for military reasons, in order to erect a bulwark between herself and France, which had for centuries taken every opportunity to

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interfere in Germany's affairs and to disrupt Germany's unity; partly for the sentimental reason that these provinces belonged originally to Germany, that their population was of German stock, and that, even though the sympathies of the people at the time were largely with the French, it was hoped to win them back to Germany, to which they naturally belonged. In this last endeavor, it is admitted, Germany has only partially succeeded; but, if it be remembered that it took over a hundred years and the French Revolution to Gallicize the provinces, Germany has no reason to be ashamed of what she accomplished in forty-three years. The jingo press of Paris and London inveighs against the so-called German tyranny in Alsace-Lorraine; but what are the facts? The regrettable Zabern incident, greatly exaggerated as it was by a sensation-loving press, has been absolutely unique during an occupation of more than four decades; compared with what has occurred in Ireland in the way of murders, land riots, evictions, etc., during this period, all the clashes between the authorities and the people in Alsace Lorraine fade into insignificance. Under a really tyrannical government the people generally emigrate as fast as they can, as they did from Ireland for many years; in Alsace-Lorraine the annexation was immediately followed by an increase in emigration, but this increase ceased in a few years, when the rate of emigration fell below that of the neighboring states. It is true that a good many Alsatians might be found in Paris, but so there might be in Berlin, as everywhere in the world the population from agricultural and mountain districts has flocked to the large cities. Between 1875 and 1905 the population of the provinces increased from 1,531,000 to 1,814,000, or 18.4 per cent, while during the same period that of France increased by only 6.4 per cent; from 1885 to 1905 the population of the industrial city of Mülhausen increased from 69,759 to 94,488—that is, 35 per cent. The growth in material wealth has been similar; and what the German Government has done in the provinces for education may be inferred from the fact that after the definite annexation of the provinces almost the first thing was the re-establishment of the famous old University of Strassburg, which has since taken its place among the prominent centers of learning in the world, and to which numerous American students have resorted. Furthermore, Germany has allowed the provinces an amount of autonomy which Ireland even now does not enjoy; for several years their affairs have been administered by a Governor-General appointed by the Emperor, and a Diet elected by universal suffrage; for years many of the civil offices, including some of the highest, have been filled by natives of the provinces, who thus showed their willingness to co-operate with the new government. A large part of the population was content to abide by the results of 1870, and the sentiment was overwhelmingly against another war over the possession of the provinces, from which these would naturally be the worst sufferers. If it had not been for the continuous agitation by the Paris jingo press we should probably have heard little about German tyranny in Alsace, for there was no substantial basis for the assertion.

But France was not content to abide by the decision of 1870, and not only the jingo press, but the most influential public men, with few exceptions, have more or less frankly encouraged the popular demand for another trial of strength with Germany. For this purpose the armaments were carried to an extent in proportion far beyond those of Germany, and in 1912 the time of active compulsory service was raised from two to three years, while at the same time the recruits of the following year were called to the colors, thus practically doubling the army at one stroke. For this same purpose the alliance with Russia was more and more firmly cemented, France lending Russia billions of money to reorganize and vastly increase her army after her defeat by Japan. It was only a question of time when France and Russia would find an opportunity to strike at Germany, and it was an open secret in military and diplomatic circles that such an opportunity would occur in 1914 or 1915, when both French and Russian armaments would be complete.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY

Germany has long recognized Russia as a most powerful neighbor with whom she had to be on good terms for her own sake. The two nations have not seriously clashed for a hundred and fifty years, for Prussia's participation in Napoleon's campaign of 1812 was compulsory, and the very next year Prussia and Russia fought side by side against Napoleon at Leipzig. Since then Germany has

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made every effort, especially in recent years, by commercial sacrifices to retain Russia's good will, and the two nations might be at peace now if it were not for Russia's hostility to Germany's friend and ally, Austria. Russia's ambition for more than a century has been to extend her dominion over the Balkans and to win Constantinople. She might probably have done so long ago had this been in accordance with the designs of England and France. In order to win Constantinople, Russia must first dominate the southern Slavic states, Servia and Bulgaria, and she has for a long time arrogated to herself the part of their patron and protector. That Russia has a prior right to this position Austria does not admit, for she too is a great Slavic power, and her commercial interests demand an open route to the sea and to the Orient as much as Russia's. Indirectly Germany's commercial interests are at stake, for through Austria lies Germany's land route to the Orient, and it is an imperative necessity for her to keep this route open; neither Austria nor Germany can afford to have it blocked by an unfriendly Power. This is so clear that prominent Russian writers have stated in recent years that Russia's way to Constantinople lies through Germany. As it cannot be to England's or France's interest to have Russia in possession of Constantinople, except under conditions to which Russia would never submit, it seems as if the present alliance between these Powers could only serve the immediate purpose of eliminating Germany from European affairs.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY

Until the Franco-German War the relations between Germany and England were generally friendly. The two nations had never seriously clashed, and on the field of Waterloo the English and Prussian armies fought side by side. The English view of the German people, as it crops out in the literature before 1870, is that of a people given largely to sentimentalism, philosophy, music, and beer-drinking; beyond that, the Germans might be useful in keeping France in check, which England then still regarded as her chief enemy, but otherwise they were a negligible quantity. Germany's inferiority to England in engineering, manufacturing, and commercial enterprise was so great that as late as 1880 water works, gas works, and street railways in many German cities were constructed and run by English engineering skill and English capital, while the steamships of the two feeble German transatlantic lines were built in England and Scotland. But now a rapid change took place. In 1876 the German Commissioner to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia reported to his Government as his verdict concerning the products of German industries there exhibited, "Cheap and inferior;" twelve years later, "*Made in Germany*" had become a badge of excellence for a great variety of industrial products; a few years later again, Germany built ships which for size, swiftness, and comfort surpassed those of the great English transatlantic lines, and which carried German products to all parts of the globe. Then England suddenly recognized Germany as a dangerous competitor for the world's trade, and her feeling toward her changed from friendly condescension to jealousy and hate.

The matter was aggravated when Germany began to strengthen her navy in order to protect her coasts, trade routes, and outlying possessions. Other nations likewise greatly strengthened their navies—the United States, France, Russia, Italy, Japan—but only Germany's efforts in this direction were frowned down by England, although Germany never attempted to build a fleet anywhere near the size of the English fleet, while even if she had done so England's superior geographical position and her dominions and naval bases all over the globe would always have assured her an incomparable advantage over Germany. The reason for this was that England had begun to look upon Germany, of all countries, as her chief rival in trade; and her policy from the time of her own rise as a commercial and maritime power had always been to concentrate all her efforts on the elimination of her foremost commercial rival—a policy which had resulted successively in the destruction of the maritime power of Spain, Holland, and France.

Germany had before her the example of these countries; she remembered the bombardment of Copenhagen, in which the British destroyed the Danish fleet; and she also remembered that when, in 1849, a single warship was built in Germany by popular subscription, Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister of England, declared that if such a ship dared to show on the high seas the German flag he would order it to be treated as a pirate ship. Under these circumstances modern Germany had to choose between

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leaving its growing maritime trade to the tender mercies of England till the latter should take an opportunity to wipe it off the globe, and arming herself to protect it; and Germany chose the latter course. Since then England has taken every opportunity to thwart the efforts of Germany at legitimate growth and extension of her influence, and she has done this with an air as if she were fighting for a moral principle. She herself might conquer the Transvaal and sacrifice in the effort the lives of myriads of brave Boer farmers and of her own soldiers; she might enter into an arrangement with France according to which England retained Egypt and France took Morocco; she might enter into an arrangement with Russia, dividing Persia into spheres of English and Russian influence, to the utter disregard of the rights of Persia; Italy might grab Tripoli; Japan and Russia might quarrel about Manchuria, and settle the matter between them; all this was legitimate and in the interests of civilization. But let Germany say as much as that she too had commercial interests in Morocco, or that she would like to purchase a coaling station within a certain sphere where England and her allies had a dozen, then a howl went up about "intolerable German aggression" and "unwarrantable encroachment on English interests." Even such a strictly non-political commercial enterprise as the building by German capital of the Bagdad Railway was not permitted except after years of negotiations, and after English capital had been allowed to participate and the terminals arranged to suit English interests. Germany has submitted to this injustice for a number of years, but it is clear that a nation of 65,000,000 people needing employment and means of support could not forever endure such a thwarting of its legitimate aspirations.

COULD THE WAR HAVE BEEN AVOIDED?

So it appears that each one of these three great Powers now making war on Germany had her own reasons for wishing to crush her; Germany, on the other hand, had no corresponding designs against them. She wanted no French territory, knowing well that it could not be Germanized for a long period, and would only weaken her. Nor was she so foolish as to think that she could wrest anything from the Russian colossus. Her geographical position, the relative weakness of her navy, and her lack of naval bases and coaling stations made it inconceivable that she could inflict very serious damage upon England's fleet or her world-wide dominion. Nothing is more absurd than the assertion that Germany aimed to rule Europe as France did in the time of Napoleon. The only thing Germany desired was to be treated by the other nations on an equal footing, and not to be constantly shut out by their combinations from newly arising opportunities for expansion and for the extension of her commercial influence—opportunities such as the other nations have seized in recent years time and again. This was not only her right, but a physical necessity in view of her rapidly growing population. She has submitted to many a slight and has suffered one setback after another. If she has struck now, it is because she felt sure that she could not later defend herself against the mighty combination of her opponents with the slightest chance of success. When the Kaiser, in order to preserve the peace of Europe, offered to mediate between Austria and Servia, and Russia nevertheless ordered the mobilization of her giant army, the whole German people realized what was in store for them. Germany was in the position of a man who sees a deadly enemy reach for his pistol, and whose only possible salvation lies in shooting first.

The war could have been avoided if France had foregone her desire for revenge and for the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine, which she did not need in view of her almost stationary population and her own wealth and that of her extensive colonies. The war could have been avoided if Russia had been content with her vast and undeveloped empire, and had curbed her desire to strike down Austria as an obstacle on her route to Constantinople. The war could have been avoided if England had been more generous to Germany and had allowed her the same share as the other nations in new opportunities for colonization and for extension and protection of commerce. Finally, the war could have been avoided if Germany had been willing to sit back and let these three great Powers divide up Europe, Asia, and Africa between them, and content herself with the crumbs from their table.

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POLAND'S POSITION AND HOPES IN THE PRESENT WAR

BY E. H. LEWINSKI-CORWIN

*The author is an American of Polish descent. He came to America to finish his education after Poland boycotted the Russian schools and universities. He is a Fellow in Political Economy in Columbia University, acted as the agent in Canada of President Taft's Tariff Board, and is now Executive Secretary of the Public Health Board in New York City. In sending this article the author writes: "The International Symposium on the war in Europe published in The Outlook of August 15 prompts me to send to you this article on Poland's hope and position in the present war. It states the case briefly, but I hope adequately and accurately. Poland is naturally a very important arena of activities in the present war, and on the attitude of the twenty-odd million of her inhabitants much of the success of the warring parties may depend."—*THE EDITORS.

A LITTLE over one hundred years ago Poland figured as an item of considerable magnitude in the far-reaching military and political calculations of Napoleon. After his fall the representatives of the nations of Europe assembled at the Congress of Vienna could not, for reasons of balance of power, agree to a complete obliteration of the once powerful nation, extending in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries "from sea to sea," from the Baltic to the Black. The shadow of the Corsican once more appearing on the Continent of Europe hastened their final decision. Poland ceased to exist as a free nation, with the exception of the city of Cracow, which was proclaimed an independent republic.

The three nations abutting on Poland, which, by their unholy alliance and a long series of shameless acts of perfidy, treachery, and bad faith, brought about her complete annihilation, agreed at the Congress (1) to retain the fundamental national institutions of the Poles and guarantee them a political representation, and (2) not to restrict by tariffs or special regulations the free commercial intercourse among the Poles of the three sections.

At the end of May, 1815, the Polish eagles were substituted by a coat of arms of the Great Duchy of Posen, a collective name of all the province that fell to Prussia's share. King Friedrich Wilhelm in his manifesto to the people said: "Though incorporated into Prussia, you need not renounce your nationality. You shall preserve your rights under the constitution which I intend to grant to my loyal subjects, and in addition you will receive, like the other provinces of my kingdom, a separate provincial constitution."

How none of the three Powers kept their agreements and what a woeful succession of events Polish political history of the last hundred years presents is, in a general way, known to all who have even a most cursory knowledge of history. All of the constitutional guarantees were disregarded, all the vestiges of the old republican organizations were trampled under the militaristic foot of the plunderers, systematic and severe economic and social oppression was instituted, and the pernicious work of crushing the language and traditions of the people began. In addition, *divide et impera* became the internal policy of Austria and Russia. To grow the seed of hatred between the landowner and the peasant, Austria made the former responsible for the taxes and military conscription of the latter. By these indirect as well as direct means she succeeded in bringing about the outrageous slaughter of the landed gentry by the peasants in 1846. To crush the revolution of 1863 Russia, stealing the wind out of the sails of the revolutionaries, emancipated the Polish serfs, and, securing thereby their sympathies, drenched in blood the almost successful attempt of the Poles to free themselves from the most barbarous Russian oppression, which began towards the end of the reign of Alexander I, and which has not ceased for a moment to this day. In the year 1914 A.D. an attempt to teach an illiterate adult to read and write or instruct free of charge a child of poor

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parents who cannot afford to pay for instruction is a political crime which is punishable by imprisonment or even exile!

Prussia has been following a ruthless policy of extermination of the Polish nationality, and has been, to her eternal shame, cruelly flogging small children because they prayed in Polish. She has been spending untold millions for the German colonization of provinces which have been since times immemorial the home of the Pole. By inhuman legislation prohibiting a Polish peasant from building a house on acquired land, she has forced him and his family to live in carts and wagons; but, despite all that, she has absolutely failed in making him sell his land, leave the country, and abandon his native tongue. The Prussian colonization policy proved to be an absolute fiasco. It has achieved results contrary to those expected. It has increased the solidarity of the Polish mass, made them cling more tenaciously than ever to everything Polish, to cultivate their land more scrupulously, amass wealth, develop co-operative schemes of rural credit, and to nurture a most exalted devotion to national culture, which, despite all handicaps, has blossomed and developed. There is not a field of artistic or scientific endeavor which lies fallow in Poland. Denied freedom on the political arena, all the energies of a gifted race went into activities that made for art, science, and culture. Musicians, sculptors, painters, scientists, writers, of the highest rank and magnitude are so plentiful in Poland that they cannot find sufficient outlet in their native artificially cramped quarters, and go out in large numbers to serve in Europe's foremost temples of learning and art, and to participate in state administration wherever this is not denied them. Within the last decade or so three Poles were Finance Ministers of Austria.

Austria, once one of the most reactionary powers of Europe, recognized, after her defeat by Prussia in 1866, the imperative need of political reforms, made peace with Hungary, and granted home rule to her component nationalities, among them to Galicia. A new era was started in the Polish provinces of Austria. The Polish national spirit and Polish culture began to flourish. All the schools from the lowest to the highest became Polish, and instruction in the Universities of Cracow and Lemberg as well as in all the high professional schools is carried on exclusively in Polish.

Although the economic development of Galicia is considerably thwarted by exorbitant taxation and by the policy of the Viennese Government favoring particularly the German provinces of Austria, the Poles of Galicia are pretty well satisfied and are loyal to the dynasty. They value the atmosphere of political freedom much more highly than economic well-being. Moreover, the Hapsburg dynasty is the only one of the three spoils-sharers that has kept faith since 1866, and the only one that the Poles learned to trust.

The present imbroglio in Europe is not a mere accident, an unforeseen and unfortunate result of the blind play of unknown forces. It is but a dramatic expression of the high tension which has existed ever since Russia entered upon her boundless and reckless imperialistic career. Then, the sudden appearance of a great and consolidated German power in the center of Europe, vying with Russia in offensive militaristic despotism, defeating France, and threatening the supremacy of Great Britain, aggravated the tension which was bound to result in an armed conflict. There is no doubt that the real causes of the present war are Russia and Germany, all the others being merely drawn into it by force. Austria would not have precipitated the trouble were she not emboldened by her ally, who has all kinds of Machiavellian designs and imperialistic interests in the Balkans and the Near East, and were she not exasperated by Russia's insolence and her feverish activities among the Slavs of the Balkans and of the Dual Monarchy. The perfidious pan-Slavic or pan-Russian propaganda, with its immense bribes and an elaborate spy system, is reported to be unbearable by those who observe conditions at close range. To preserve her peaceable development and dignity Austria had to act. The Sarajevo outrage, which revealed the complicity of the "inspired" agents of the Servian Government, was but the last drop in a bitter cup. Austria's hand was forced indirectly by Russia, which, being utterly irresponsible and having a tremendous half-starving peasantry and an immense standing army, is a constant danger to peace, rivaled in its formidableness by Germany alone.

As to the Poles, they have repudiated the pan-Slav movement. They know what it aims at, and they do not trust Russia. Long before the present war began, its possibilities were discussed in a lively way in Polish politi-

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cal literature. Poland is in a most unfortunate position with reference to this war, as her territory is the natural theater of hostile activities. Before the war is over, and whatever its result, her wealth will be annihilated, her population decimated, her soil drenched in blood, and her sons incorporated in three hostile armies, killing off one another. Shall she not be compensated for this unexampled and innocent loss? Can she rely on the magnanimity or sense of justice of any of the Powers engaged in the war? History supplies a somber reply. She has counted vainly on justice and help and sympathy too many times to entertain any foolish hopes at present. She has to count on herself if she is to live. A people of over twenty millions, with a history ten centuries old, with a high and distinct culture, cannot afford to die simply because three militaristic and land-grabbing neighbors have so decreed. She has to meet them on their own terms, and she has been constantly asserting herself despite all oppression. Some of her political writers see a winning chance in a conflict like the present one. There is no doubt that the sympathies and help of the people of Poland are going to be a factor of great importance in the present struggle of supremacy between the Russian and the Germanic world. A considerable number of writers advise a decided pro-Austrian direction, a complete affiliation with the Dual Monarchy and a life-and-death struggle against Russia. For the defeat of Russia may mean, if not an entire independence, then at least a concentration of the greater part of the Polish provinces under one sovereign power. The splitting of the nation into three parts under three different rules was the greatest calamity that could have befallen Poland. It estranged the people from one another and made concerted action almost impossible. Although a victory of the Germanic forces over Russia would be a distinct gain to Poland, yet an overwhelming Prussian victory would be unfortunate, as the bulk of Poland might fall to Prussia, which in her spirit and manner is as offensive as Russia to a people of a refined spiritual culture and of republican inheritance. Moreover, the Poles have another common bond with Austria in their religion.

From the point of view of the Poles the ideal outcome of this present gigantic mix-up would be an independent Poland, which would act as a buffer between the ever-quarreling neighbors and would supply the balance-wheel in the struggle for supremacy between the Russian and Germanic world. If this be unattainable at present, the next best solution of the Polish question would be a unification of the entire Polish nation into an autonomous unit under the sovereignty of Austria-Hungary. Outside of the Pole's most vital and intense interest in his national existence, there is not anything which touches him more deeply than art and culture. He consequently would like to see the great Northern Bear defeated and pushed back to the wild forests of Russia, where he properly belongs; but it would make his heart bleed to see France or England beaten by Germany. He hopes that France will recover her lost provinces and expand her benevolent and radiating cultural influence over Europe. A defeat of France is a defeat of civilization, and spells complete supremacy of sword and gross and brutal materialism over refinement and culture. Similarly, a victory of Germany over England is too horrid to think of. It would mean a destruction of political liberty, freedom of thought, initiative, and action, and the dominance of the insolent Prussian over the world. Even the Germans themselves, outside of Prussia, dread it as the greatest calamity. It would mean, incidentally, the death-knell to Holland, Denmark, Belgium, and Switzerland, and a destruction of their beautiful civilizations and free institutions.

The present war bears within it all these possibilities. It is a bitter disappointment to all those who had faith in reason and culture to see the destinies of the world's greatest nations and their civilizations depend on the blind forces of passion and destruction. It will be a still greater disappointment to Poland if, after the new political units emerge from the sea of dissolution and anarchy, she, having borne the brunt of a devastating three-cornered war, with all her population actively and passively engaged in it, should not gain a breath of freedom so passionately fought for during the last one hundred years.

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THREE POEMS OF THE WAR

I—THE WAR OF KINGS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

From dawn to dusk reign horror and affiright,
  And the sad night no healing respite brings;
In all its hideous panoply of might,
  This is the war of kings!

The people are but pawns upon the board;
  What of their wants, their woes, their sufferings?
Speak, Death, dark watcher both by field and ford,
  In this grim war of kings!

Will history still repeat the sanguine past,
  With all its trail of ruthless anguishings?
Oh, may this slaughter-carnival be the last—
  The last dread war of kings!

II—WAR AND DEATH

BY HELEN COALE CREW

Two figures out of the gloom of despair on man's vision broke;
And one, colossal, brute-visaged, vengeful, and pitiless, spoke—

"I am War! And behold in the courts of the gods none is greater than I!
Earth quivers and reels at my gauntlet's touch, and the dome of the sky
Is shattered and torn by my trumpet's blare and the flash of my sword;
And man at my coming is fearful and fain of the help of the Lord.
Yea, black is the doom that I spread on the world, and the ruin is wide.
Man may pray himself dumb! Can he slay me in fear who begot me in pride?"

But he, the other, benignant, pitying, quiet of breath,
Smiled, "You shall know me and fear me not. I am but Death!"

III—AMERICA

BY CONRAD AIKEN

We lay and smiled, to see our sky
  So blue, so luminous with sun;
Lo, far off, wailed an ominous cry;
  We heard a thunder of footsteps run

Under a darkness settling there,
  Some huge and sinister wing's eclipse;
Smoke fouled the east; a baleful glare
  Lightened beneath; and maddened lips

Took up that cry, while darkness stirred
  And heaved, and like a wounded thing

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Bled, by the utterance of one word
  Which bade a myriad war-swords sing.

What murderous shadow troubled so
  Our summer dream? . . . The sunlight ceased.
A sick and fetid wind came slow
  From the stale tenements of the east.

Brother to slay his brother rose,
  The shambles fell, and from that gloom
Came the hoarse herded cry of those
  Who blindly massed to fight for room.

Room! Give us air! A breathing space!
  The sunlight and the land for all!
Each lifted up a stifled face,
  And battered door, and beat at wall,

And surged against resurgent horde
  For space to sow his little seed.
Lo, they would plow the earth with sword,
  Strew dead on earth that earth might feed.

And we—where now our summer bliss?
  From the stale tenements of the east
Stole fear lest we should come to this,
  And prove us brother to the beast.

PROLOGUE

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

Written for the opening of an outdoor stage at Boulder Farm, Chocorua, New Hampshire, and acted, as a prelude to an exhibition of Old English Folk-Dances, on July 18, 1914, with Professor George Pierce Baker, of Harvard University, as the Mountain Spirit.

From the distance THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAIN, *a wild, shaggy, uncouth being, is seen coming, darting from tree to tree, from rock to rock, until with a leap he reaches the top of the boulder at left, back of stage.*

THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT:

(*Laughing derisively in the distance.*)

Ho, ho! What's here? Ho, ho! What
  game is on?
Humans! Ho, ho! Men! Women! Decked
  and gay.
A crowd such as the cities know, beneath
My boughs, my pines, my green and low-
  voiced pines—
A crowd!
(*Savagely*) What do they here? Their faces
  say,
"We wait." For what? What do they think
  my pines
Will wisely utter to that waning moon,
Death-stricken on th' unruffled blue of day,
That they sit there with quiet eyes, and wait?
Oh, foolish humans! Though my pines cry
  low
Ultimate wisdom, and my grasses cry
Secrets, and my undying rivulets
Murmur the hidden meanings of the worlds—
Why should they wait? (*Scornfully*) They
  cannot understand.
(*He leaps from the rock to the stage.*)
What's this? A raked and rolled and tended
  place

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Here in my woods? A flat place, robbed of ferns
And roots and running vines and cones and leaves,
Washed and respectable as city souls
On city highways? I made no such place
To mock the musings toward eternity
Of my austere, green trees. My glades are rough,
With snags and tangles for unpracticed feet,
Poisons and small white bells and aged stones.
But this is smooth. My pines, what does it mean?
(*He listens.*)
What's that? A stage? What is a stage? A stage!
A place for shows? For shows! (*Savagely*) So, is it that?
(*With scorn and anger at first controlled, then breaking into loud derision.*)
For that you wait, you humans! For a show!
Think you that I will bring my mountains down
To give you pleasure, rouse my sleepy winds
On Passaconaway, my thunder-men
On old Chocorua, on Ossipee
My dancing girls, my rains; from Kearsarge call
My spearsmen that hurl lightning through the night,
For your sweet pleasure? I, who *am* this world?
Go, go! Back to your houses and your streets,
Back to your halls of barter and your shows!
For you I fling no thunder through the hills,
No fire across the dayfall, no sweet rains,
Myriad-footed o'er the tops of trees!
I cry it, I! You get no shows from me!
(*He listens.*)
A voice! You spoke, my pines? My birches, you?
Speak it once more. These humans dull my ears.
They do not call on *me* for tricks, you say?
Why are they here? Who else can tell of love,
Of moonlit rapture, passionate arms upraised
In infinite yearning, anger, pain, despair?
Who else can cry of birth and death as I?
Have human hearts a voice like unto mine?
Have humans—birds?
(*Faintly, then more loud, the opening bars of MacDowell's "In Deep Woods" are heard. The Mountain Spirit listens, suddenly rigid, entranced.*)
What voice? What voice? What voice?
Those notes were stolen from your lyre, my pines!
What wondrous thief came hither on tiptoe,
Ravishing music? Sing! Once more, once more!
Oh! alien robber, whither hast thou fled?
(*He turns about, bewildered.*)
You spoke, my pines? These humans, too, can cry,
Uttering love and longing? Hark! A voice!

VOICE OF ROMEO:

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,—

VOICE OF JULIET:

Oh, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circlèd orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO:

What shall I swear by?

JULIET:

Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO:

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET:

Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, "It lightens." Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast.

THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT:

Voices! The bee's voice in the lily-cup,
The thrush's voice beside his airy home.
Voice of my rosy dawns along the dew,
When stags peer forth and dreamy birds awake.
Humans, whence did you steal my morning light?

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VOICE OF FAUSTUS:

Is this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilion?
Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!

THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT:

Oh, voice of summer noon, crying among
Roses for one brighter than rose may be!
Voice, voice, whence didst thou steal such love?
My flow'rs cry so when heavily the air
Hums in midsummer noons, and odor calls
To odor, light to shadow, gold to green,
Azure to scarlet, and the sun to all!

(*He breaks from his trance and leaps on a boulder, peering to right and left.*)

Voice, voice! Where art thou? Brother voice, where art thou?

(*He comes forward slowly. From another direction another voice is heard.*)

VOICE OF OTHELLO:

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree.
Oh, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.

THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT:

Oh, voice of night, when moon and stars are dark!
I have cried thus among the tumbled crags
And treeless peaks. I did not know that man
Could steal the pain of my autumnal nights
And breathe it forth in music. Voice, where art thou?

VOICE OF MACBETH:

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!"
"Macbeth does murder sleep"—the innocent sleep:
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;—

VOICE OF LADY MACBETH:

What do you mean?

VOICE OF MACBETH:

Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT:

Voice of my winter angers and despairs!
I did not know that man could speak in tempest
And cry in wild and unavailing storm.
Ye voices, voices! Kindred of my being!
I claim this plot of earth as mine alone
No more. Come, we will share it, you and I!
I and my pines shall watch about you here.

(*Pause. Then beseechingly.*)

Voices, return! Voices of love and pain!
Voices, return! Anger, despair, remorse!
Voices, return! Voices of mirth and peace!

(*Dance music is faintly heard, growing louder.*)

Music! And footsteps! Hark, my pines, they come!
My poplar leaves with sunlight on the gray,
Dancing they come! Hail, children of my mirth!

(*He darts toward the rear. As he cries, he darts deeper into the woods, crying the last words after he has disappeared in the thicket.*)

The dancing feet! Hail, hail! They come! Hail, hail!

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COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A WEEKLY ARTICLE BY THEODORE H. PRICE

THE COMMERCIAL OPPORTUNITIES OF THE UNITED STATES. "THE GREAT ILLUSION" AND A WORD OF CAUTION TO THE OPTIMISTS

MR. ASQUITH'S great speech in the Guildhall, in London, in which he described England's share and duty in the present war as a moral and spiritual one, sounded a note of heroic altruism that has evoked a sympathetic echo in the United States, and, while it reflects the egoism that has always enabled England to persuade herself that the cause she espoused was just, it also marks a very distinct advance in the morality of her ideals of national and international good faith.

Hardly more than fifty years ago James Russell Lowell made Hosea Biglow say:

"I tell ye England's law on sea and land
Has ollers ben, 'I've gut the heaviest hand.'
It's you the sinner ollers, she's the saint;
Wut's good's all English, all thet isn't ain't."

These lines were written in the fear that motives of commercial self-interest would lead England to espouse the cause of slavery and the Confederacy. Fortunately, the spirit of unselfishness and humanitarianism triumphed, and since that time the influence of both English and American democracy has generally been exerted in behalf of morality and the righteousness which exalteth a nation.

Germany's violation of the "scrap of paper" which guaranteed Belgian neutrality was England's *casus belli*. She refused to remain an unprotesting party to a broken contract, and the willingness of the English people to fight rather than default must immensely increase the confidence with which every English promise will hereafter be regarded throughout the world. The same statement might be made with regard to President Wilson's insistence upon respect for the Panama tolls provision of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, an insistence which in the light of subsequent events seems to have been the height of political wisdom.

Both matters are, however, but fresh demonstrations of the truism that in politics, as in business, "honesty is the best policy," and that the Machiavellian theory that princes and nations may repudiate treaties at will cannot any longer be applied by a government that would retain the world's respect.

It is because England's action has had the effect of raising the great European war to the level of a struggle for right as opposed to might, and not for the "might made right" which was nationalized by Nietzsche, that the defeat of Germany is a foregone conclusion.

It is for the same reason that as the white heat of battle clarifies the issue a more confident optimism with regard to the outcome is perceptible, despite the varying fortunes of the preliminary campaign.

It is because the German Emperor has himself come to feel the moral disadvantage of his position that he is making such strenuous efforts to organize a propaganda that will win for him the sympathy of the neutral nations of the world, and it is because of his signal failure in this purpose that his military triumphs are destined to be so short-lived and his ultimate defeat is assured.

Even Napoleon could not long defy the power of public opinion, and since his time the moral consciousness of the world at large has been so quickened, and when in agreement has become so invincible, that even the most powerful men or nations must yield before it.

The end of the war is therefore in sight of those who believe in the triumph of the right; and while an admission of defeat by the Powers that are even now morally disarmed may be delayed, we can commence with confidence to reckon upon and provide for the return of peace.

For those of us who are engaged in business the outstanding lesson of the war is that the best preparation we can make for the opportunities that await us is to keep the contracts to which we are committed, and to avoid any new undertakings that we cannot perform.

In a comparatively recent address Nicholas Murray Butler said that civilization was "the triumph of faith over fear"—the faith that

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contracts would be kept and law respected, over the fear that force would compel the weaker to surrender their rights to the stronger. Those of us who live in England or America believe that the present war is being fought for the preservation of the rights guaranteed to nations by the contracts which are called treaties, and that German disregard of these treaties has already opened to the United States opportunities for the expansion of our foreign trade previously undreamed of.

We must realize, however, that confidence in our promises is the first essential of success in trade with distant and alien peoples. They must learn to trust us, and we must learn to trust them. It is said that the internal trade of the United States exceeds in the aggregate that of all the rest of the world taken together. No one knows whether this is true, but the purchasing power of our people and the traffic of our railways give color to the statement. Ninety per cent of this enormous commerce is, however, conducted upon a basis that presupposes a very limited application of the credit principle.

Goods are sold for cash, or, where credit is allowed, it is for short periods, and is granted upon the strength of statements by the debtors with regard to their solvency, which, if false, are criminal. Drafts are drawn with documents attached and loans are made against the hypothecation of property that may be realized upon in case of default. It is true that our banks invest largely in single-named paper, but their purchases of such obligations are based more upon balance-sheets than upon character, and the practice of bankruptcy law has become a highly specialized and important department of the legal profession.

Hitherto such export trade as we have been able to do has been financed largely through the medium of credits granted by London bankers, and it has not been practicable to arrange these credits in the United States because the cryptic letters C. O. D. have expressed the spirit in which most of our commerce has been conducted.

This lack of confidence has been reciprocal, and the nations of South America and the Orient have preferred to trade where they were trusted.

An elderly and distinguished lawyer said to me the other day that he believed that the abolition of all laws for the collection of debts would greatly improve the security of credit; and those who contemplate engaging in the export trade may as well realize at once that it is a field in which recourse to the collection of debt by legal process is not practicable.

Asia, Africa, and South America do not possess and cannot obtain the gold with which to pay us for the things we may be able to sell them. We must trust them until they can sell to us or some one else the commodities which provide their only means of payment; and if we require an English guarantee of their responsibility convertible into a transferable credit at the London Clearing-House, the chances are that their purchases will be made where their credit is obtained.

Then, too, these foreign buyers must come to feel renewed faith in the American contracts that profess to guarantee the quality, packing, and delivery of our goods.

One reason why we have not succeeded hitherto in retaining any substantial hold upon the export demand is that it has been chiefly regarded as a spillway for our surplus production when business was dull at home. The goods shipped have therefore been irregular in quality and put up in a way that did not appeal to foreign taste or meet foreign requirements.

In a general way, our theory has been that if these un-American peoples would adopt American ways we could supply them, but that otherwise it was not worth while.

We insisted that they pay cash, or buy on short time and be willing to take the same class of goods that were used in the United States, packed just as we pack them for shipment by boat and railway instead of carriage by stage or pack-mules.

Such commercial ineptitude has naturally made against our success as exporters, and though our merchandise shipments to foreign countries are valued at nearly $2,500,000,000 a year, they go chiefly to Europe, are mostly unmanufactured, and are nearly all financed through the use of English credit.

Even if we ship cotton to Japan or automobiles to Buenos Aires, we draw upon London for the proceeds, and, conversely, American purchases of Brazilian coffee or East Indian jute are paid for by remittances to London.

The reason for this is that the people of these far-off countries can procure in England the credit that is denied to them in the United States, and naturally they prefer to buy where they are trusted.

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That the English Government appreciates the importance of this factor in enabling Great Britain to hold its trade is most convincingly shown by its recent action in guaranteeing to the Bank of England the collection of moneys advanced against acceptances made prior to August 4. Thus the Government says, in effect, to those foreigners who are indebted to the English bankers: "We believe you will pay, although your ability to do so may be temporarily impaired by the war, and we will guarantee your obligations at the Bank of England when accepted by an English banker."

Many of the bills so guaranteed are drawn by citizens of the countries with which England is now at war, and the confidence thus expressed will probably be an influence of the first magnitude in enabling England to extend her trade both during the war and afterward.

The English people have behind them the experience of two centuries in supplying foreigners with goods and credit, and if the merchants of the United States are really in earnest in their desire to meet the world's demand for manufactured articles we will do well to follow English methods.

These methods have been successful because they embrace the following essentials:

1. The fulfillment of contracts without legal compulsion.
2. An application of the credit principle which recognizes that trade is but barter with money as the measure of values; that it frequently takes at least a year to consummate a bargain which involves an exchange of goods between the people of two distant countries; that meantime such people can do business only by trusting each other; that it is the function of the banker to promote this mutuality of confidence by interposing his guarantee and to give credit to both parties to the bargain as long as it may be reasonably necessary.
3. A willingness to produce and sell what the buyer wants, packed as he desires.

If the much-discussed invasion of foreign markets by American manufacturers is to take place, patient and persevering adherence to these cardinal principles will be necessary.

It will be well, however, for us to realize that even the convulsion of a world-wide war is not likely to make the commerce of the belligerents permanently ours unless we are willing to work unremittingly to retain it. The channels of trade are hard to change.

In the competition that is certain to ensue England will have many advantages over us, and even a Germany in which militarism is dead may be a Germany in which industrialism and commercialism will develop with increased vigor. Angell's book "The Great Illusion" is one that may now be profitably read by many Americans who are assuming that German commerce is dead because German military power is doomed.

The very reverse may prove to be the case, and, in any event, we may be certain that the prizes now apparently within our reach will not be unsought by others.

It is for us to consider seriously whether we desire or can successfully handle the large share of the world's commerce that our imaginative optimists have already appropriated.

Is it not better for us to be specialists and direct our energies toward the tasks for which we are best equipped? We talk about an American mercantile marine, but forget that it implies an enormous increase in the navy required for its protection. We hear much about increasing the output of our factories, but ignore the fact that although we are essentially an agricultural people with enormous areas of uncultivated land, we found it necessary last year to import corn from the Argentine and are unable to-day to supply the domestic demand for beef.

The "back to the farm" movement that every one agreed should be encouraged until the clash of arms in Europe changed the current of our thoughts was economically sound and should not be abandoned.

We cannot supply the needs of all the world or do all the business of the universe, and before we embark upon ventures that may be disappointing let us, avoiding the hysteria of the moment, soberly consider what we are best fitted to accomplish by experience, equipment, and environment.

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THE SPECTATOR

WHEN "the movies" were in their infancy, ere they developed to their present challenging importance as a public institution, with a Board of Censors of their very own, troupes of india-rubber thespians agonizing up hill and down dale, and even their own magazines, it did not make so great a difference what manner of music was played while they flickered and—surpassing the leopard—changed their spots. The Spectator, in the primitive era, never could rid himself of the sense of the machine; his eyes grew tired of the speckled flutter, and the music did not help him, for it was such a soulless, impersonal affair. It would have fitted any sort of transaction. It had no imagination, no afflatus. Very plainly it was "made up" as the tired fingers went along—it did not raise its drooping head to know whether its text upon the screen was grave or gay; one could not help a twinge of sympathy, as before a caged creature at the Zoo, for the player condemned to the digital treadmill, and bound to deliver, like bricks from a hod, his poor little assortment of arpeggios, runs played as with a porter's whisk-broom, insensate modulation and chords mere sound and fury.

The other evening the Spectator strolled into a moving-picture establishment of the newer order and was amazed by what he heard. The stage was flanked on either hand by the gilded glory of a pipe-organ—no show-window of a bargain in brass bedsteads was ever a grander sight; when the organ was not going, the notes of a piano floated somewhere in the offing; suddenly violins, a harp, and a French horn impinged upon the concord of sweet sounds, and the Spectator subsequently learned that the players were members of a Symphony Orchestra of parts. The pianist was drawn into conversation. He was a young Cuban of quaint idioms. "When I dare," said he, "I give them Bach; and, anyway, no matter what I do, I make each note just so perfectly as I can, for my artistic conscience"—and most of his stipend goes for tutelage with a first-rate instructor. Indeed, with the august, imperial precedent of him who fiddled while Rome was burning, has not the "movies" orchestralist a proud opportunity to play up to? The subconscious self of the auditor, even when the dynamite goes off, or the villain hustles down the elevator shaft, or the locomotives meet head on, absorbs the music out of the atmosphere as a flower at even-fall imperceptibly drinks the dew. And it is distinctly not according to Hoyle to talk at a photo-play. If the audience lacks the *éclat* of the opera box, it lacks the chatter too. It is a serious business, this, to keep pace with the plot, to read these epistles that are flashed up just long enough, or these white legends on a black ground that let us into the true inwardness of the hero's moving lips or the heroine's tangled emotions and the lack of team-play in her features. It takes at least the Dead March from "Saul" to do full justice to the Calabrian earthquake and the lava writhing from the fissures of Etna. The Harvard and Yale crews paddle grandly to the start to the noble tune of Rubinstein's "Melody in F." A tantalizing hint of something like Debussy's "La Mer" or "Reflets sur l'Eau" subsides into the banality of the Barcarolle from "Hoffmann" to help persuade us that we are breasting the deep to Coney Island with barges of a floating hospital. Or the heroine of tabloid drama stands pensive in her garden where the moonlight lends its ghostly pallor to the foxgloves, and, of course, she must think in accord with the sirupy strains of the Meditation from "Thais" or possibly the love duo from the first act of "Bohème." The prodigal son gives his wine supper with damage to the crockery, while the faithful piano lustily whales forth Frederick Bullard's rousing "Stein Song," and when next day the young giver of the feast ruefully turns out his pocket lining to find but ten dollars whereon to subsist for a month, lo! the commentator of keys and wires, with cruel irony, breaks forth like a Greek chorus into Dvořák's "Humoresque."

The sort of temperamental adroitness and ready adaptability that the "movies" pianist should have the Spectator once saw most prettily illustrated by Adele aus der Ohe at a country house in which the film of a camera, in the depravity of inanimate things, had uncurled its length on the floor to the despair

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of the owner. Sensing the tragedy, she went to the piano, and to the general amusement began to play Chopin's "Funeral March," "for the poor dead pictures," as she said. Amusement soon altered to a very different feeling, for presently, by the incomparable beauty of her playing, she had reached what George Meredith calls "the ear that sits beside the inner springs," and certain among her hearers were in tears. Even so, when, at the breakfasting of an ideally happy "movies" family, the Angel Child flowers at the table with his ringlets and his Fauntleroy collar, the "movies" court-minstrel is not worthy of his high calling if he does not give us Nevin's setting of Paul Laurence Dunbar's "Mighty Lak' a Rose." And the little salesgirl within earshot murmurs, as she lifts another chocolate from the box, "Ain't it appropriate! 'Sweetest little feller'"—proud to think that she has recognized at once the song and its justification. The pianist, too, would be pleased if he knew that she was aware of him.

Is not this heartening amelioration of the kind of music that goes hand in hand with the "movies" merely a part of the general movement for better "popular" music in this country, recognized in the programmes selected by bandmasters and applauded to the echo by their summer audiences? For one concrete instance out of many that might be cited, it did the Spectator's heart good to hear the people in their regular Tuesday evening "sing," with the band of forty pieces, on the City Hall Plaza in Philadelphia. At the foot of the great 548-foot tower the people gathered, and the shadowy figure of Father Penn, with the tiara of lights at his feet, and the mellow effulgence of the great clock, seemed to bless the singing as it upsoared to him from the very soul of the metropolis that has grown from the "faire greene country town" he planted. The concert began with Wagner's "Rienzi" overture and Sibelius's "Valse Triste" from the band, with a gay, harmless little jig-tune by way of encore. The director of the singing had the voice of a very pleasant and friendly bull of Bashan and the unquenchable vitality of a Billy Sunday. He discovered that those who couldn't sing could at least swell the tidal wave of sound by "roaring like thunder," as the rule-book of the Tyringham Shakers used to prescribe. Whether the song was "Old Black Joe" or "Annie Laurie" or "Lead, Kindly Light" or "The Blue Bells of Scotland," he galvanized the most diffident into surprising themselves. "Now let's have that verse again—and let's try what it'll sound like if the ladies sing and the men whistle." It is strange that even with a trifling discrepancy in time between the whistling obligato and the soprano unison, there was an ethereal sweetness of sound. Birds of the woodland know nothing of the metronome, yet when thrushes warble their "native wood-notes wild," who complains of the ensemble? There are places where the asperities of professional criticism were better withheld.

Other urban and suburban bands in Philadelphia this summer, the Spectator was gratified to note, have played such music as Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, Schubert's "Unfinished," Dvořák's "New World," Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite and a movement from his piano concerto in A minor, Weber's concertino for clarinet, Sibelius's tone poem "Finlandia," Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture, Brahms's "Hungarian Dances," excerpts from "Rheingold," "Tannhäuser," and "Parsifal." Who shall despair for the future of popular music in America when there is at hand such reassuring evidence of the progressive elevation of musical taste?

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BY THE WAY

The popular amusement of eavesdropping on rural telephone lines may be seriously interfered with if a device described in "Popular Mechanics" for September becomes generally available. This attachment immediately heralds the fact that a third person is listening to a conversation, and also informs the person using the line whose instrument has "plugged in."

A syndicate with a chain of a hundred stores issues a manual of instructions to its employees which says: "The first thing for a representative of our stores to get firmly fixed in his mind . . . is that every transaction must be completely satisfactory to a customer. There will be no compromise, no quibbling—right or wrong, the customer is *right*. . . . Each customer served must be thanked; the words must be said with sincerity and *to* the customer, not *at* him. . . . When a customer brings back a package and says the contents are not satisfactory, hand out the purchase price promptly and as willingly and graciously as you do when you sell it." These golden words might well be borrowed by some great department stores in which courtesy and attention to patrons are not invariable.

New York City's post-office, which for many years has occupied the Federal Building in City Hall Park, has been removed to the new building adjacent to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at Eighth Avenue and Thirty-third Street. The old building now becomes only a branch post-office.

"Everybody's Magazine" offered a prize of $500 for the best article on the liquor evil. It received 9,000 letters, and in the September number prints the winning article, by Isaac Fisher, of Vicksburg, Mississippi. As the "Best Remedies for the Liquor Traffic" Mr. Fisher suggests: "(1) Stop denouncing anybody about the liquor traffic. (2) Get the truth about the liquor question in all of its aspects. (3) Get the truth about the whole liquor question *to* the people."

Savings bank life insurance has now been established in Massachusetts for seven years. Four savings banks have established insurance departments, many other savings banks and trust companies have become public agencies, and more than two hundred manufacturers have established agencies for their employees. This, says an official circular, has had a constantly stimulating effect upon the great industrial insurance companies because of the high standards set.

The Delicious apple, the Eclipse grape, and the Hale peach, says a writer in the "House Beautiful," seem to be marking a new phase of progress in fruit-growing to-day. The Hale peach was a "find." The introducer of the variety had made many experiments to produce a fine "freestone" peach, but failed. Chance led him to a perfect freestone tree. "Here at last," he says, "after years of search, breeding, and propagation, was a chance seedling so far superior to all other known peaches as to make me almost dizzy with joy at its discovery."

In some early letters from George William Curtis published in the September "Atlantic" it is interesting to find that Curtis includes Swedenborg among the supreme geniuses of the eighteenth century. He writes: "I think we have no right to complain that the breath of God is stayed, in a century which has borne Napoleon, Washington, Swedenborg, Goethe, and Beethoven."

A railway embankment 185 feet high, the highest ever constructed, it is thought, in this country, is being built between Culmerville, Pennsylvania, and Cunningham, a distance of one and a half miles. The fill is being made with slag and other refuse material from the steel mills of the Pittsburgh district. This waste material has the great advantage that it does not slide, however great the weight placed upon it.

Studies made at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, England, as to the number of stars indicate that they aggregate some 1,600,000,000, though of these only 3,000 or 4,000 are visible to the average eye. The total number is greatly in excess of former estimates.

A certain well-known critic, according to Professor Brander Matthews as quoted in the "Dramatic Mirror," was asked by a friend for his opinion as to a much-exploited vaudeville performance. "The most stupid thing I have ever seen," was the reply. The critic's newspaper the next day, however, praised the play enthusiastically. The friend telephoned to the critic for an explanation. "Why," was the answer, "I gave you my personal opinion last night; but my review to-day is the opinion of the hundreds of people who like that sort of thing." The critic's view was that the opinion of the audience, not his own, was what the average newspaper reader wanted.

"The Horrors of Peace" is the striking title of an article in the "North American Review" which seeks to show that the fatalities of great battles are far outdone by the aggregated miseries involved in accidents and social ills in time of peace. The "horrors of railroading," the "horrors of aquatic pleasures," the "horrors of picnic and church-structure disasters," the "horrors of flood disasters," the "horrors of white slavery," and the "horrors of the divorce courts" make up a striking catalogue of the blots on civilization at its best.

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